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GOING NOWHERE THE DLC SPUTTERS TO A HALT

by ARI BERMAN

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LETTERS



R. O. BLECHMAN

ABOLITION, A CLASS-FREE ENDEAVOR

San Francisco

■ While I'm grateful for the attention Daniel Lazare gives to my book *Bury the Chains: Prophets and Rebels in the Fight to Free an Empire's Slaves* ["Intolerable Cruelty," Feb. 14], in some of his comments I don't recognize the story I told. With such phrases as "Hochschild...structures his tale as a middle-class epic" and "Abolition did not succeed in Britain until it transcended the narrow middle-class moralism that Hochschild celebrates," he implies two things: (1) that the British anti-slavery movement was—at least until the very end—an entirely middle-class affair; and (2) that this is something I celebrate. Neither is so.

While it's true that the great majority of the public figures in the movement were middle or even upper class, important voices in the very early years included two former slaves, Quobna Ottobah Cugoana and Olaudah Equiano, both of whom wrote widely sold books and made extensive speaking tours. Furthermore, as I show, one of the remarkable things about this movement is how right from the beginning it drew support from across the class spectrum. The workers in the new industrial city of Manchester made it an antislavery stronghold; at one point nearly a third of the city's population signed petitions to Parliament against the slave trade. Throughout the country, more people signed such petitions than were eligible to vote; in some small towns signers included every literate inhabitant. In 1789, 769 metalworkers from Sheffield put their names to such a petition, saying that even though they stood to lose income if the knives and razors they made were no longer used by slave ship captains to trade for slaves, nonetheless "your petitioners...consider the case of the nations of Africa as their own." Narrow middle-class moralism?

Finally, of course, there were the tens of thousands of men and women who took part in the great uprisings that shook the British West Indies. The huge revolt that put the plantations of northwest Jamaica in flames in 1831–32 beyond doubt speeded up Parliament's passage of emancipation: High British officials openly acknowledged that they might not be able to contain the next rebellion. The more than 500 people who lost their lives in this fighting and the executions that followed were not middle class, they were slaves. They are the "rebels" of my book's very title. ADAM HOCHSCHILD

LAZARE REPLIES

New York City

■ Adam Hochschild's logic is difficult to follow. Nowhere in my review did I suggest that British

abolitionism was "an entirely middle-class affair." No movement ever is, and in fact the mark of a middle-class movement is often its ability to draw from a broad social spectrum. Because the middle class sees itself as the golden mean—neither rich nor poor, radical nor conservative—it often attracts those above and below in search of the happy compromise it purportedly represents. The participation of urban workers and ex-slaves in a subordinate capacity therefore proves nothing. Rather than undermining the movement's middle-class character, it confirms it.

As for "narrow middle-class moralism"—sorry, but the phrase fits British abolitionism to a T. Before Hochschild gets his dander up, he should realize that it is not meant as a slur but as a description of how the middle class actually thinks and acts. Composed as it is of professionals, entrepreneurs and other self-made types, it traditionally avoids the sort of bold, sweeping critique that might call into question the terms of its own success. Rather than attacking society as a whole, it limits itself to specific wrongs or grievances. In taking aim at slavery, British abolitionists thus turned a blind eye to social abuses such as child labor in coal mines and factories that were no less brutal but were not on their agenda. Not only does Hochschild fail to criticize this kind of narrow-gauge morality, he takes a swipe at others who do. I'm sure I'm not the only reader who will find this annoying.

By the way, British abolitionists were not the only ones at fault. In this country, the otherwise heroic William Lloyd Garrison bristled at the term "wage slavery" and attacked white workers for daring to strike for higher pay. Instead of grumbling, he said, they should be grateful that they weren't in chains as well. Progress is never linear. DANIEL LAZARE

RADIO RAVES

■ We're planning a special issue on radio this spring and we want you to be a part of it. Whether you turn the dial, go online or listen via satellite, tell us in fifty words or less what your favorite station is and why (be sure to include your city and state).

Send submissions by March 20 to favoritestation@thenation.com or Favorite Radio Station, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, 8th floor, New York, NY 10003.

MEN IN BLACK

New York City

■ Russell Jacoby's review of the third volume of my father's unpublished work ["Men in Dark Times," Feb. 7] was a little short on substance (I admit I am not an unbiased commentator). It is in fact the volume that deals with the New Left and the Vietnam War, and it is very apposite today. Jacoby seems to complain that it is too lucid. Of course, they are pieces written for a popular audience, sometimes in the heat of battle; if they weren't lucid, they'd lose their point. When my father wrote about Hegel's ontology or Marx's dialectics, he could be tough sledding also (at least to my nonphilosophically trained eyes). Jacoby spends most of his time on Adorno and seems to count thirty volumes of sketches, notes and lectures as a blessing. My father was very particular about what he published, and we followed what I presume would have been his wishes in publishing less than a third of his sketches, etc. My father and Adorno respected each other deeply but had strong, almost bitter disagreements about Adorno's support for the Vietnam War. That correspondence, and the content of the first two volumes thus far published of my father's previously unpublished (in book form) writings, would make for highly interesting comment. Perhaps Jacoby can return to it soon.

PETER MARCUSE

Los Angeles

■ I wish that Russell Jacoby had probed more deeply into Marcuse's remarkable interaction with a younger generation of activists in the 1960s and '70s in *The New Left and the 1960s*, which I edited. The intersection of Marcuse's theory and politics with the New Left in the 1960s and '70s and its relevance for politics today was a key theme that was engaged in detail in my introduction, in Angela Davis's preface and in George Katsiaficas's afterword. By comparison, Adorno, whom Jacoby also reviews, was highly antagonistic to the New Left and distanced from the political movements of the day. As for Marcuse's continued relevance, Jacoby misses the strong interest in Marcuse's work worldwide and something of a renaissance of attention to his ideas. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization*, a book that anticipated in ideas the 1960s counterculture, and there will be conferences and celebrations in Brazil in May and in Philadelphia in September. In April, there will be a panel at the American Educational Research Association conference on Marcuse and Education, and there continue to be books and articles on Marcuse, including our six-volume Routledge Press *Collected Writings of Herbert* (Continued on Page 24)

IN THIS ISSUE

2 LETTERS

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

- 3 TOO YOUNG TO DIE
Accounting for Torture
David Cole
- 5 FILIBUSTERING THE TRUTH
Judd Legum & Christy Harvey
- 6 IN FACT...
- 8 LETTER FROM GROUND ZERO
A Less Super Superpower
Jonathan Schell
- 25 HUNTER S. THOMPSON
Warren Hinckle

COLUMNS

- 5 DEADLINE POET
Foul-mouthed Comedian...
Calvin Trillin
- 10 BEAT THE DEVIL
Dr. Arnold's Diet
Alexander Cockburn
- 11 SUBJECT TO DEBATE
The Cheese Stands Alone
Katha Pollitt
- ARTICLES
- 13 GOING NOWHERE
The DLC sputters to a halt.
Ari Berman
- 18 ARTISTS IMAGINE ANOTHER WORLD
This year's World Social Forum gave culture its due—and reaped the rewards.
Alisa Solomon

22 THE OUTSIDER

Write-in candidate Donna Frye was the moral winner in San Diego's mayoral race.
Abby Aguirre

BOOKS & THE ARTS

- 27 RIGGS: The World of Christopher Marlowe
WELSH: Tamburlaine Must Die
Daniel Swift
- 29 ART
Cy Twombly
Arthur C. Danto
- 32 FILMS
Gunner Palace
Abbas Kiarostami: 10 on Ten
Stuart Klawans

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Avenging Angels; illustrations by
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EDITORIALS

Too Young to Die

The immediate outcome of the Supreme Court's 5-to-4 decision in *Roper v. Simmons* is reason enough to celebrate: With one stroke it set aside seventy-two death sentences imposed for crimes committed by teenagers and categorically banned capital punishment for offenders under 18. The Court's powerful majority opinion—all the more notable because it was written by Reagan appointee Anthony Kennedy—adds momentum to the narrowing of capital sentences and diminishing number of executions in the United States. Justice Kennedy's opinion explicitly acknowledges teenagers' universal "vulnerability and comparative lack of control over their immediate surroundings," elaborated with a humane and scientific recognition of developmental psychology, too long absent from the death penalty debate.

But the significance of *Roper v. Simmons* goes far beyond those seventy-two cases, thanks to Justice Kennedy's unapologetic embrace of international human rights standards. Noting that the United States was the only nation left routinely imposing capital punishment on teens, Kennedy invoked "the overwhelming weight of international public opinion": a judicial glove smacked across the faces of Antonin Scalia and the whole original-intent crowd, so full of disdain for the Court's recent embrace of evolving global standards in other death penalty cases and in gay rights cases. Considering the international context of human rights, Kennedy wrote pointedly, "does not lessen our fidelity to the Constitution or our pride in its origins."

Since only a handful of nations still maintain capital punishment under any circumstances, the implication of Kennedy's remark for future death penalty cases should not be underestimated. The Court's growing willingness to listen to briefs from the EU and retired American diplomats should cause the Bush Adminis-

tration particular uneasiness as more and more cases from the "war on terror" make their way up the docket: "The overwhelming weight of international public opinion" applies as thoroughly to torture and imprisonment without charge.

Does *Roper v. Simmons* presage abolition of capital punishment? It certainly adds momentum, as does the recent reversal of death penalty sentiment in New York's legislature. But capital punishment's shrewdest defenders—among them, perhaps, Justice Kennedy himself—now consciously seek to narrow the death penalty in order to save it. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor frets aloud about the poor quality of capital representation, and no less an execution-friendly President than George W. Bush now promotes increased spending for death-row lawyers. This isn't because of some new love of civil rights. The right needs the public clamor stirred by executions. So the smarter defenders of state killing have a strategy to dampen public doubt: join in sweeping from the table those cases most likely to make the public uneasy—children, the retarded, the provably innocent, defendants whose lawyers are drunk or asleep in court. Then shift the focus to defendants less likely to rouse sympathy: serial killers, sexual sadists, "the worst of the worst." At the same time, the Justice Department continues to use federal capital charges to introduce execution in non-death penalty states.

Roper v. Simmons is a much-deserved vindication for those lawyers who since 1989 have watched, sickened, as their teenage clients were executed. The ruling leaves an end to the American death penalty more clearly in sight. But as the goal draws closer, death penalty abolitionists must be prepared for a debate newly stripped to emotional essentials: the value of vengeance as social policy. We are still far from the moment when a majority of Supreme Court Justices, echoing their late colleague Harry Blackmun, say they will no longer "tinker with the machinery of death" and rule the death penalty, in any form, unconstitutional.

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Accounting for Torture



One of the great mysteries in the "war on terror" is why so few people have been held responsible for torture and cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment inflicted on prisoners since 9/11. So much detail about so much abuse in so many places has now emerged that one cannot help concluding that the problem is systemic. There have been reports of burning cigarettes being placed in suspects' ears, waterboarding, men being shackled naked to cold floors so long that they urinate and defecate on themselves, mock burials and actual homicides. These abuses have reportedly taken place at Guantánamo, Abu Ghraib, Bagram Air Force Base in Afghanistan, undisclosed CIA detention centers and, with US concurrence, in foreign prisons to which we have "rendered" suspects on a CIA plane. Memos have been leaked linking these practices to policies developed at the highest levels of the Justice Department and the Pentagon. Yet there has been no accountability.

The Bush Administration and Congress have steadfastly refused to appoint any sort of independent commission or counsel to investigate the issue. The only official investigations are being handled by the Justice Department, the CIA and the Pentagon, the three entities most implicated in the practices. We spent \$73 million investigating President Clinton's affair with a White House intern and Whitewater, but we are unwilling even to empower an unbiased investigator to look into widespread allegations of torture and cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment of hundreds of prisoners.

It is a federal crime to inflict torture and cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment on detainees during wartime. But the prosecutor would have to be a US Attorney, and they are all ultimately answerable to Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, the man who dismissed the Geneva Conventions as "quaint" and called for the now-infamous August 2002 Justice Department memo that effectively sought to legalize torture.

Civil suits are another option. A torture victim could sue to challenge his treatment in court. Such suits cannot be squelched by political control of prosecutors' offices. Several such suits have recently been filed by the Center for Constitutional Rights, the ACLU and Human Rights First. But two new cases have shown that the government has developed a strategy to deal with these cases, too. It's called secrecy.

The first is that of Maher Arar, a Canadian citizen born in Syria who has sued the United States for interdicting him at JFK Airport on his way home to Canada and placing him on a chartered jet to Syria, where he was locked up without charges for twelve months and reportedly tortured. The question at the core of the case is, Why would the United States forcibly redirect this man's travels to send him against his will to Syria?

If the Justice Department has its way, that question will never be answered. It has invoked a "state secrets privilege" in the case, claiming that all information relating to why it sent Arar to Syria rather than his home country of Canada is highly classified and cannot be disclosed without endangering the nation's security.

Accordingly, the Justice Department argues, Arar's claims challenging the US government's decision to send him to Syria, and its complicity in his torture there, must be dismissed.

If the government prevails on this argument, extraordinary rendition—the practice of transferring suspects to foreign nations for coercive interrogations—will be literally beyond the law. Anytime a terror suspect is sent to a third country to be interrogated, the Administration will be able to dispose of any legal challenge by contending that its reasons for doing so and the communications relating to the transfer are secret.

The government took a similar tack in the case of Ahmed Abu Ali, a US citizen who spent the past twenty months locked up in Saudi Arabia without charges, where he too claims that he was tortured. Abu Ali's family filed suit in the United States claiming that the Saudis were holding him at US behest and seeking an order for his return. The government first argued that because Abu Ali was held in Saudi Arabia, the court had no jurisdiction. But when the court rejected that argument and ordered the government to disclose the nature of its arrangements with the Saudis regarding Abu Ali's detention, the government shifted to a strategy of secrecy.

It began filing papers under seal with the judge and declining to disclose them to Abu Ali's family or legal team. In essence, the government began conducting a kind of parallel litigation behind closed doors, to which only the government and the court were privy. In February, this culminated in the government's filing an entirely secret motion to dismiss the case.

When the court expressed skepticism at the government's attempt to rely on secret evidence and secret argument, the government brought Abu Ali back to the United States—and promptly indicted him for conspiring to provide material support to Al Qaeda. It included in the indictment allegations that Abu Ali had discussed plans to assassinate George W. Bush, but disclosed the following day—after garnering headlines about interdicting a plot to kill the President—that the man with whom Abu Ali allegedly had these conversations is dead.

If Abu Ali can show that the United States was behind either his Saudi detention without charges or his torture, the criminal case against him would in all likelihood have to be dismissed. To prepare his defense, Abu Ali should be entitled to full disclosure of the US government's role in his Saudi detention. A criminal trial demands no less.

But disclosure in Abu Ali's case is not enough. We need a full airing of US complicity in torture and extraordinary renditions. Our standing in the world depends on it. The reluctant and partial disclosures thus far—largely through unauthorized leaks—have only confirmed the world's worst fears about the United States. Unless we are willing to admit our wrongs, hold the wrongdoers accountable and make a clean break from these practices, we have no hope of regaining our credibility. "Democracies die behind closed doors," wrote a federal court in one of the earliest post-9/11 court decisions. We need to open the doors before it's too late.

DAVID COLE

David Cole is The Nation's legal affairs correspondent. As an attorney with the Center for Constitutional Rights, he represents Maher Arar and Ahmed Abu Ali in their civil cases against the government.

Filibustering the Truth

The greatest impact of George W. Bush's second term will likely be from his judicial nominations, including the appointment of one or more Justices to the Supreme Court. The President's selections will have long-lasting effects on all aspects of American life, including our health, our freedoms and our privacy. Senate conservatives, led by majority leader Bill Frist, have already launched a determined campaign to insure that any potential opponents are silenced—principally by attacking the Senate's most effective tool, the judicial filibuster. A closer look shows right-wing arguments for doing so are based on a series of myths about the Constitution, history and the right wing's own conduct.

Myth 1: *Judicial filibusters are unconstitutional.* Frist and other Republicans adamantly argue that efforts to challenge Bush's judicial nominees via filibuster are unconstitutional. This past November Frist said, "After much debate and compromise, the Framers concluded that the President should have the power to appoint. And the Senate should confirm or reject appointments by a simple majority vote. This is 'advice and consent.'"

Frist and company *love* talking about the Constitution and what the Framers intended. But they should get their facts straight. There is nothing in the Constitution requiring the Senate to "confirm or reject appointments by a simple majority vote." The Appointments Clause of the Constitution requires the consent of the Senate before judicial nominees are appointed. The Rules of Proceedings Clause gives the Senate the power to determine the method of consent. It doesn't matter how many times Frist says it: There is no requirement for the Senate to confirm or reject a nomination. No vote means no consent: And that's OK.

In 2003 Judicial Watch, a conservative advocacy group, filed an ultimately unsuccessful lawsuit against the Senate, claiming that the judicial filibuster was unconstitutional. Although no text supports its argument, Judicial Watch argued that it's *implied* that the Senate's "advice and consent" power must be exercised by a simple majority vote, because it's consistent with the "ordinary principle of majority rule." Nice try, but that position is actually antithetical to the intent of the Framers, who were careful to make sure the majority didn't always rule. James Madison wrote in *The*

CALVIN TRITTON

ON THE RISK OF HAVING A NOTORIOUSLY FOUL-MOUTHED COMEDIAN HOST THE OSCARS

Though having Rock, some said, was plain insane, he
Eschewed the sort of language used by Cheney.

COMMENT

Federalist Papers that “measures are too often decided, not according to the rules of justice and the rights of the minor party, but by the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority.” The Senate was created, in part, to prevent the problems associated with the tyranny of the majority.

The real culprit here is Bush, who has ripped the “advice” out of “advice and consent.” He has stubbornly refused to substantively communicate with any senators who oppose his nominees. When the Senate fails to confirm his nominees, Bush just reappoints them or, worse, bypasses the Senate altogether and installs them on the bench during a recess. This kind of toxic environment makes judicial filibusters more likely.

Myth 2: *Judicial filibusters are unprecedented.* Republicans

insist that judicial filibusters never happened before. Frist put it this way: “In February 2003 the minority radically broke with tradition and precedent and launched the first-ever filibuster of a judicial nominee who had majority support.” In truth, no one should understand the legitimacy of judicial filibusters better than Bill Frist. On March 9, 2000, Frist participated in a filibuster of Richard Paez, President Clinton’s nominee to the Ninth Circuit. When confronted about his vote late last year, Frist claimed he filibustered Paez for “scheduling” purposes. Not true. A press release by former Senator Bob Smith titled “Smith Leads Effort to Block Activist Judicial Nominees” plainly states that the intent of the filibuster was to “block” the Paez nomination.

(Continued on Page 25)

In Fact . . .

THE CREDITORS' BALL

■ If ever there was a chance for the Democrats to re-establish their bona fides as the party of the little guy, the Bankruptcy Reform bill is it. The bill is payback to the big banks and highly profitable credit card companies, which funneled \$100 million to candidates and parties over the past eight years—two-thirds of it to Republicans. It would impose a means test to determine whether small debtors can avail themselves of Chapter 7 bankruptcy, which lets them pay what they can out of existing assets, giving them a fresh start, or whether they would be forced to take Chapter 13 and continue to pay off creditors out of future earnings. It puts debtors’ attorneys in financial jeopardy and creates a wasteful federal enforcement bureaucracy. The bill’s sponsors avoid mentioning how credit card promoters lure the uncreditworthy; how joblessness, stagnant wages and lack of health insurance force the poor to use plastic to buy basic necessities; and how the bill leaves crooked companies like Enron free to declare bankruptcy and protect themselves from claims by employees who lost their pensions. After beating back earlier versions of the bill, many Democrats appeared to be folding without a fight; the Judiciary Committee approved the latest version—with Democrats Joseph Biden, Dianne Feinstein and Herb Kohl supporting the President. Final passage, despite a few valiant Democrats’ efforts, seemed, at this writing, all but certain.

COLOMBIAN QUAGMIRE

■ Nicole Karsin writes: After more than five years, Plan Colombia, the \$4 billion program of mostly military US aid intended to fight drugs and terrorism in Colombia, is proving to be a flop. Aerial spraying of drug crops has led to health problems in Colombia and exacerbated the crisis of farmers who have no economically viable crops other than coca and poppy. Cocaine and heroin are cheaper on US streets today than when the program started. Colombia’s illegal armies are as strong as ever, and assassinations, mass detentions and forced displacement continue to plague the Andean nation, where a forty-year armed conflict claims some 3,000 lives each year. Although Plan Colombia expires in September, the

Bush Administration has requested more than \$700 million for Colombia in the 2006 foreign aid bill. With Republicans controlling both houses, US policy in Colombia will likely remain the same. To try to remedy some of Plan Colombia’s flaws, a steering committee comprising some thirty US-based NGOs, including the Center for International Policy, the Washington Office on Latin America and the Latin American Working Group, have developed a “Blueprint for a New Colombia Policy,” which concludes: “Instead of helping Colombia’s military...we must encourage [its] elected leaders to strengthen the rule of law and foster more equitable development.”

WHY DOES FOX FEAR US?

■ *Nation* intern Meredith Clark writes: Fox News Channel has proved once again that its motto “fair and balanced” is less than accurate. During the Republican National Convention, Fox rejected a *Nation* advertisement that declares its freedom from ownership by corporations like Time Warner and Rupert Murdoch’s News Corporation. In early February Fox, which is owned by Murdoch’s News Corp, once again refused the spot. Fox gave no explanation for the rejection, but when asked by *Village Voice* columnist Jarrett Murphy, a spokeswoman said, “I guess we’re more selective than others.” Yet we here at *The Nation* have no problem with running Fox’s ads in our pages. Fox has taken out four ads; one of them ran just days before it turned down *Nation* advertising dollars. The unedited *Nation* spot will run on CNN, MSNBC, Bravo and the History Channel, and TNT and TBS have aired a cut, Murdoch-free version. The *New York Times* ran an article about Fox’s August rejection, and now the *Voice* and CBSNews.com have taken notice. Few others have remarked on the contradiction in Fox’s claim to be both “selective” and “balanced.”

THIS WEEK ON THE WEB

■ Read Mark Hatch-Miller’s interview with hip-hop historian Jeff Chang for a look at the origins of hip-hop, the role of politics in the movement and the state of “the hip-hop generation” (www.thenation.com).

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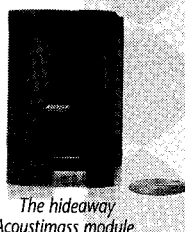
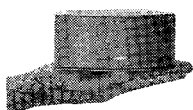
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JONATHAN SCHELL

A Less Super Superpower

One of the most difficult things to judge in the world today is the extent of American power. On the one hand, there is no doubt that the United States possesses a far larger pile of weapons than any other country, that the American economy is also larger than any other country's and that America's movies and television programs are consumed globally. America is widely accorded the title "only superpower," and many of its detractors as well as its supporters describe it as the world's first truly globe-straddling empire. On the other hand, it is not yet clear what the United States can accomplish with these eye-catching assets. For power, as Thomas Hobbes wrote in one of the most succinct and durable definitions of power ever offered, is a "present means, to obtain some future apparent good." Power, after all, is not just an expenditure of energy. There must be results.

Measured by Hobbes's test, the superpower looks less super. Its military has been stretched to the breaking point by the occupation of a single weak country, Iraq. Its economy is held hostage by Himalayas of external debt, much of it in the hands of a strategic rival, China, holder of nearly \$200 billion in Treasury bills. Its domestic debt, caused in part by the war expenditures, also towers to the skies. The United States has dramatically failed to make progress in its main declared foreign policy objective, the nonproliferation of weapons of mass destruction: While searching fruitlessly for nuclear programs in Iraq, where they did not exist, it temporized with North Korea, where they apparently do exist, and now it seems at a loss for a policy that will stop Iran from taking the same path. The President has just announced that the "end of tyranny" is his goal, but in his first term the global democracy movement suffered its greatest setback since the cold war—Russia's slide toward authoritarianism.

The shaky foundations of America's power were on display in the President's recent travels. Shortly before Bush landed in Brussels, Chancellor Gerhard Schröder of Germany quietly but firmly repudiated the President's militarized, US-centered approach to world affairs. NATO, he heretically announced, should no longer be "the primary venue" of the Atlantic relationship. Did that mean that Europe would continue to take direction from Washington through some other venue? Hardly: He was, he said, formulating German policy "in Europe, for Europe and from Europe." The superpower's penchant for military action was also rejected. The chancellor said, "Challenges lie today beyond the North Atlantic Alliance's former zone of mutual assistance. And they do not primarily require military responses."

Schröder was standing on solid ground at home. A poll in the German newspaper *Die Welt* revealed that "Vladimir Putin is seen as more trustworthy than George W. Bush, France as a more important partner for German foreign and security policy than the United States. Closer harmonization of German foreign policy with America is not wanted, either."

Meanwhile, offstage, in an apparent extension of constitution-building at home, Europe was taking the lead in building cooper-

ative global instruments, including the Kyoto Protocol on global warming and the International Criminal Court.

No sooner had the President arrived in Europe than an economic trapdoor seemed briefly to open beneath his feet when the South Korean Central Bank stated that it intended to move some of its holdings from the dollar to other currencies, causing a 174-point drop in the Dow Jones average. The next day, the bank disavowed its report and the dollar recovered, but not before the fragility of America's economic position in the world had been revealed.

In an atmosphere of programmed smiles and brittle celebrations, the presidential dinners and toasts compensated for local public sentiment rather than reflecting it. The less popular Bush was in a given country, it seemed, the jollier the summit meeting. Even in little Slovakia, where the festivities seemed more spontaneous than elsewhere, an opinion poll showed that a majority believed that the United States, not Russia, was the most worrisome threat to democracy.

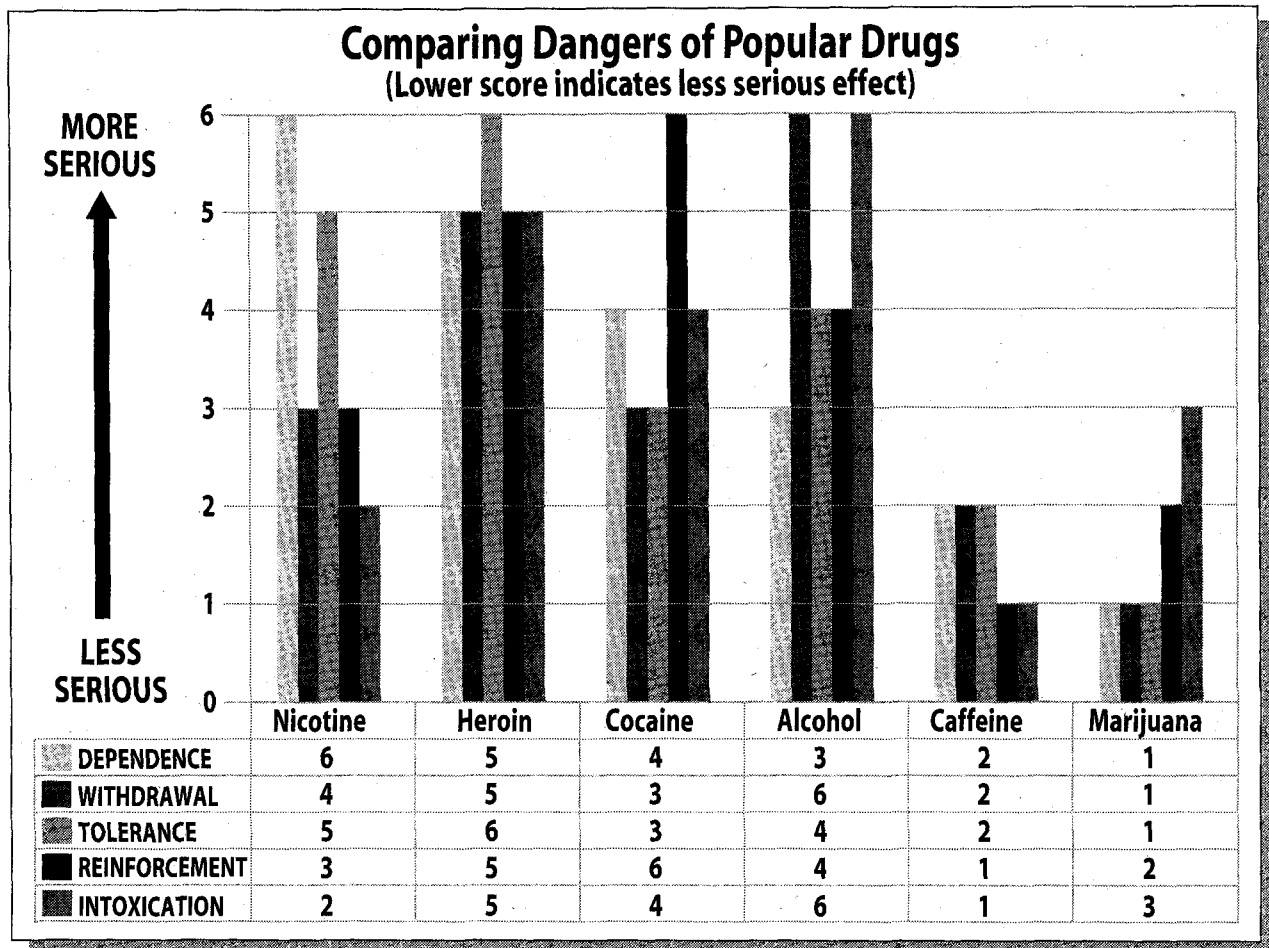
In his meeting with Putin, Bush seemed almost obsequious, repeatedly referring chummily to an unresponding, scowling Putin (it's an expression that settles naturally on his face) as "my friend Vladimir." As for democracy in Russia, the man who would "end tyranny" everywhere in the world could only muster, "I was able to share my concerns about Russia's commitment in fulfilling these universal principles."

A portrait of a peculiar relationship with Europe emerged. To Bush's Don Quixote, tilting, at God's command, against imagined evils, Europe played Sancho Panza, humoring the Knight Errant but mocking him behind his back. Or perhaps it was more like that other great inverted relationship between master and servant, P.G. Wodehouse's upper-class wit Bertie Wooster and his sagacious, potent butler Jeeves, who contrives to get Wooster out of his ceaseless ridiculous scrapes in high society. The difference is that Europe's rescue is only feigned. Yes, France will help in Iraq—with one officer, who will stay at NATO headquarters in Europe.

In history, the rise of imperial pretenders has usually led to military alliances against them. Such was the case, for instance, when a previous imperial republic, Napoleon's France, conquered most of Europe but then was defeated by an oddly assorted alliance of Britain, Russia and Austria-Hungary. Such is not the case today. Europe seems determined to bypass rather than fight the American challenge. And power? The American kind is poor in "future goods." There is rivalry in the air, but it no longer takes a martial form. Instead, Europe seems bent for now on building itself up economically and knitting itself together politically—readying, it appears, another kind of power, based more on cooperation, both within its own borders and with the world, and less on military force.

Jonathan Schell is the Harold Willens Peace Fellow at The Nation Institute. His latest book, The Jonathan Schell Reader, was recently published by Nation Books.

Do Our Drug Laws Focus on the Truly Dangerous Drugs?



Does Jailing Marijuana Users Make More Sense than Jailing Coffee Drinkers?

Dependence: How difficult it is for the user to quit, the relapse rate, the percentage of people who eventually become dependent, the rating users give their own need for the substance and the degree to which the substance will be used in the face of evidence that it causes harm. **Withdrawal:** Presence and severity of characteristic withdrawal symptoms. **Tolerance:** How much of the substance is needed to satisfy increasing cravings for it, and the level of stable need that is eventually reached. **Reinforcement:** A measure of the substance's ability, in human and animal tests, to get users to take it again and again, and in preference to other substances. **Intoxication:** Though not usually counted as a measure of addiction in itself, the level of intoxication is associated with addiction and increases the personal and social damage a substance may do.

Source: Dr. Jack E. Henningfield, Ph.D. for NIDA. Reported by: Philip J. Hilts, New York Times, Aug. 2, 1994 "Is Nicotine Addictive? It Depends on Whose Criteria You Use."

Common Sense for Drug Policy
www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org www.DrugWarFacts.org
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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Dr. Arnold's Diet: Take a Steroid, Kick a Woman

Back in the early 1990s, the right-wing taste of the year was Newt Gingrich. He led the Republican sweep into Congress in the 1994 midterm elections. His "Contract With America" loomed in every headline. Liberals wailed that Gingrichism was invincible.

The counterattack began right in Gingrich's front yard, in Georgia. The Atlanta Central Labor Council and Jobs With Justice staged a noisy sit-in in Gingrich's local Congressional office and seized the headlines with stinging descriptions of the Contract as a cruel assault on the poor and the working class. For months, groups of union workers dogged the Congressman at his every stop across the country. This noisy guerrilla warfare rallied the fainthearted and threw Gingrich, then Speaker of the House, off balance. By 1995 a rattled Gingrich had lost his touch, faltering badly in the famous budget face-off with Clinton.

In the 2000 Democratic primary campaign the AIDS coalition ACT UP (involved in the earlier Gingrich protests) adopted the same tactic against Al Gore, showing up wherever he made public appearances and shouting out protests at the rotten AIDS policies he'd signed on to. There weren't always many protesters, but they were always there, and they had an effect. Gore changed his line, and so did the Clinton Administration.

Now it's Arnold Schwarzenegger's turn. California's nurses have got him rattled, and it's already costing him. A February 23 Field Poll showed his approval ratings declining ten points since last September, a significant drop. It should have been a no-brainer to realize that kicking Florence Nightingale's butt is not a surefire way to the public's heart. But the Governor is so used to browbeating the press that he thought he could do the same to the California Nurses' Association (CNA), one of the most militant unions in the country. Schwarzenegger has been trying to roll back the union's gains on nurse/patient ratios, safety standards and kindred issues.

Schwarzenegger's version of Howard Dean's scream came in December in Long Beach. As the nurses barracked him during a speech, he denounced them as one of the "special interests" and said, "I'm always kicking their butt." This witty response from the breast-grabber got plenty of play, and did the nurses nothing but good. At a January Capitol protest in Sacramento the nurses carried coffins and had a New Orleans jazz group play a death march. During the Super Bowl they flew a small plane over the steroid-swollen Governor's party at his Santa Monica home. When he was in Washington they took out a full-page ad in *Roll Call* flaying his record. During a Schwarzenegger speech in a Sacramento hotel, nurses held up a banner saying RNS SAY STOP THE POWER GRAB.

On February 15, when Schwarzenegger and his platoons of bodyguards and flunkies trooped into a screening of *Be Cool*, 300 nurses demonstrated. Kelly DiGiacomo, 46 years old and 5'2", a nurse at a Kaiser hospital near Sacramento, had a ticket. She ensconced herself in the fourth row, wearing her nurse's scrubs. A bodyguard rushed up and, under the pretext of a possible meeting with the Governor, led DiGiacomo to a room with a California



Highway Patrol cop at the door and began to grill her. A few days later a CHP investigator called. DiGiacomo asked why she should be considered a threat. The investigator replied, "Well, you were wearing a nurse's uniform." "Oh, sure, the international terrorist uniform," DiGiacomo scoffed. Californians scoffed with her when they saw the news stories. At least Bush and Cheney can claim they're being targeted by hairy men from the dark side of Mecca. Arnold's hiding behind his goons from the woman who cares for you when you're in the hospital.

Schwarzenegger's strategy has been to project an image—calculatedly fascistic in style—of irresistible momentum, aiming to crush all opposition with threats to go directly to the people with rallies backed by the mountains of corporate cash he's been raising since he was elected. It's no idle threat. Schwarzenegger has a swollen war chest, albeit one that's also starting to get him bad press. One of the reasons Gray Davis, his predecessor in Sacramento, got recalled was his 24/7 addiction to fundraising. If anything, Schwarzenegger is even more relentless, with a corporate cash IV permanently stuck in his arm. Last year he raised \$28.8 million, and this year he plans to raise at least another \$50 million to promote his agenda.

Schwarzenegger's agenda is crudely simple: Attack and if possible destroy social safety nets in health, pensions, insurance, workers' comp, job security, education, etc., with a green light for business to pillage, outsource jobs and not pay taxes.

He's already tripped. Near the end of February Schwarzenegger was reportedly abandoning his proposal to abolish the independent Board of Registered Nursing, along with eighty-eight other regulatory and policy boards. But he's still planning to roll California into DeLay-style redistricting and to ramp up the use of "emergency" diktats to undercut democratic opposition from the legislature. One such example is in the area of healthcare: an emergency order by the Governor in November to roll back patient safety standards in California hospitals, reversing the intent of a 1999 law. A CNA lawsuit challenging that order will be heard in Sacramento Superior Court in early March.

You might have thought Schwarzenegger would have some sympathy for nurses, who incur long-term back trauma from having to haul patients up in bed, a task equivalent, on average, to lifting about 1.8 tons a day. No. The Governor vetoed a bill requiring hospitals (heavy Schwarzenegger donors) to install safe-lift policies and equipment. And yes, he vetoed another bill to educate school coaches about the dangers of steroids and performance-enhancing diet supplements.

As I said, political momentum is the key to Schwarzenegger's game. But what happens when you trip over a 5'2" woman in nurse's scrubs? You lose momentum. What happens when you start screaming abuse at nurses and teachers? What happens when you make working women your enemies? The humbled president of Harvard, Lawrence Summers, might want to have a word with Governor Schwarzenegger on that one. ■

KATHA POLLITT

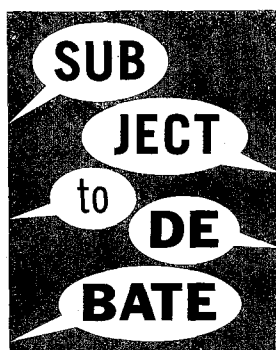
The Cheese Stands Alone

Beijing Plus 10, the follow-up on the momentous 1995 Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing, is opening at the United Nations as I write, and like other UN gatherings since George W. Bush became President, it offers a great chance to spend time with our new best friends. Egypt! Qatar! the Holy See! You look wonderful! Actually, since I wrote that sentence, Egypt and Qatar have changed their minds and won't be backing our attempt to insert antiabortion language in the one-page reaffirmation of the platform document. So now it's just us and the Pope. As with global warming, the world is moving forward without us.

Most likely nothing will come of this attempt to wreck long-settled consensus, unless you count the wasting of thousands of precious delegate hours that could have been spent talking about girls' education, maternal mortality, HIV and getting more women into government. The United States will have its reservations noted, the document will be approved by almost everyone else in the world and Bush will have once again made our country look ridiculous in order to prove his devotion to his right-wing Christian base. Let's hope that's the worst of it, but why oh why does it have to be this way every single time? With our wealth and our fabulous medical and scientific resources, to say nothing of the Bush Administration's oft-stated commitment to women, we should be attending to every need of the global women's rights activists gathered here—people like Nigeria's Bene Madunagu, head of the Girls' Power Initiative, which fosters sex education at the grassroots level and fights child marriage, and Argentina's Mabel Bianco, whose NGO, FEIM, educates girls and women about HIV.

Our own delegation, by contrast, is a blush-making collection of hacks and fanatics with no bona fides in women's rights or international development. Lead delegate Ellen Sauerbrey, ambassador to the UN Commission on the Status of Women, is an antichoice former Maryland state legislator who twice ran unsuccessfully for governor. Chad Bettes is a former spokesperson for Kansas Attorney General Phill Kline, currently making headlines for demanding the private medical records of women who've had second-trimester abortions. Other delegates include a former chair of the Louisiana Republican Party, a former chief of staff to Representative Tom DeLay, and Janet Parshall, a right-wing Christian broadcaster notable for her claim that Osama bin Laden wanted John Kerry to win and for this scary bon mot: "We must use our spiritual bayonets. We must use the bayonets, for the nation must be taken for the love of God." Get those things away from me!

Imagine that you were a delegate from the Third World, where one in sixty-one women dies of maternity-related causes, where a host of ills—poverty, violence, illiteracy, corruption, discriminatory laws and customs, reactionary religion—work together against women. What would you think of a global superpower that sent such people to a crucial meeting? "We're losing an opportunity to have a good discussion about how to move forward on the whole range of problems women face," Mabel Bianco told me.



"All the Americans want to talk about is abortion!"

Even though the Beijing document has no legal force, it gives women leverage to press for legal changes, for more attention to girls, for a bigger share of political power. Indeed, since 1995 at least fourteen countries—including Mexico, Rwanda, Indonesia, France, Bosnia and Herzegovina—have set aside at least 30 percent of government seats for women. Little by little, the global women's movement inches forward: Twenty years ago, Charlotte Bunch of the Center for Women's Global Leadership reminded me, Amnesty International didn't see violence against women as a human rights issue; now it's leading a huge anti-violence campaign. Should we be further along? Yes. *Beijing Betrayed*, a report just out from the Women's Environment and Development Organization, lambastes governments around the world for failing to live up to their commitments: "Many women in all regions are actually worse off than they were ten years ago."

Unfortunately, the only time the Bush Administration pays attention to the human rights of women is when it is trying to justify invading their countries.

My father, Basil Riddiford Pollitt, died at 85 on February 25 of a cerebral hemorrhage suffered two weeks before. He was a lawyer, a radical, civil libertarian, a lifelong opponent of racism and capital punishment, a devoted—if sometimes critical—reader of this magazine and a kind, generous, original person. In what he would never have admitted was old age, he was still thinking new thoughts, making new friends and looking forward to new experiences—going to see The Gates in Central Park, reorganizing his garden (this was going to be the spring he finally got it right), attending his sixty-fifth Harvard reunion.

My father wasn't a famous lawyer, but he was a very good one who used his skills and gifts in just causes. In the 1950s he worked for the United Electrical Workers and defended Steve Nelson, Andy Onda, John Killian and others on assorted McCarthyite charges. In 1970 he put together a mountain of sociological data to prove that the way grand juries were chosen was racially and sexually discriminatory. He lost that case, as he lost others he deserved to win, but the argument he crafted eventually helped change the way grand juries were chosen. Like so many victories of the left, we take this one for granted: It's simply become part of the fabric of everyday life, "progress." We forget that every inch of that progress was won in struggle.

A few days after Bush's re-election, Dad called me up. "What though the field be lost? All is not lost! Who said that?" It was Milton, I told him, but unfortunately those bold words were spoken by Satan, as he is weltering about in Hell and has, in fact, lost everything. I liked to play the pessimist to his optimist, and this time I thought I really had him. Dad would have none of it. For months he would leave that quotation on my answering machine: "What though the field be lost? All is not lost!"

I only wish I had saved that message.

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ARTICLES

In May 2003 the centrist Democratic Leadership Council published its yearly list of "100 New Democrats to Watch." The DLC frequently puts out these lists as a way to publicly solidify its identification with the New Democratic movement within the Democratic Party. The 2003 list, however, contained a number of questionable additions, including then-Illinois State Senator Barack Obama. As a state senator, Obama had continually passed progressive legislation—a record that he vowed to add to when he began his run for the US Senate on a platform of clear opposition to the Patriot Act, the Iraq War and NAFTA, all positions anathema to the DLC. The puzzling addition caused *The Black Commentator* magazine to wonder, a month after the DLC list came out, whether Obama had been "corrupted" by the centrist group. Obama's reply to the *Commentator* was indicative of how the DLC plays the "New Democrat" card.

"Neither my staff nor I have had any direct contact with anybody at the DLC since I began this campaign a year ago," Obama wrote. "I don't know who nominated me for the DLC list of 100 rising stars, nor did I expend any effort to be included on the list.... I certainly did not view such inclusion as an endorsement on my part of the DLC platform." After

realizing that his name appeared in the DLC's database, Obama asked to have it removed. The message was clear: The DLC needed Obama a lot more than Obama needed the DLC.

Today, the same is true for many politicians. After dominating the party in the 1990s, the DLC is struggling to maintain its identity and influence in a party beset by losses and determined to oppose George W. Bush. Prominent New Democrats no longer refer to themselves as such. The New Democratic movement of pro-free market moderates, which helped catapult Bill Clinton into the White House in 1992, has splintered, transformed by a reinvigoration of grassroots energy. A host of new donors, groups and tactics has forged a new direction for Democrats inside and

outside the party, bringing together vital parts of the old centrist establishment and the traditional Democratic base. The ideological independence of the DLC, which pushed the party to the right, has come to be viewed as a threat rather than a virtue, forcing the DLC to adapt accordingly. Corporate fund-raisers and DC connections—the lifeblood of the DLC—matter less and less: Witness the ascent of MoveOn.org and Howard Dean's election as chair of the Democratic National Committee (DNC). "It's not that the DLC changed," says

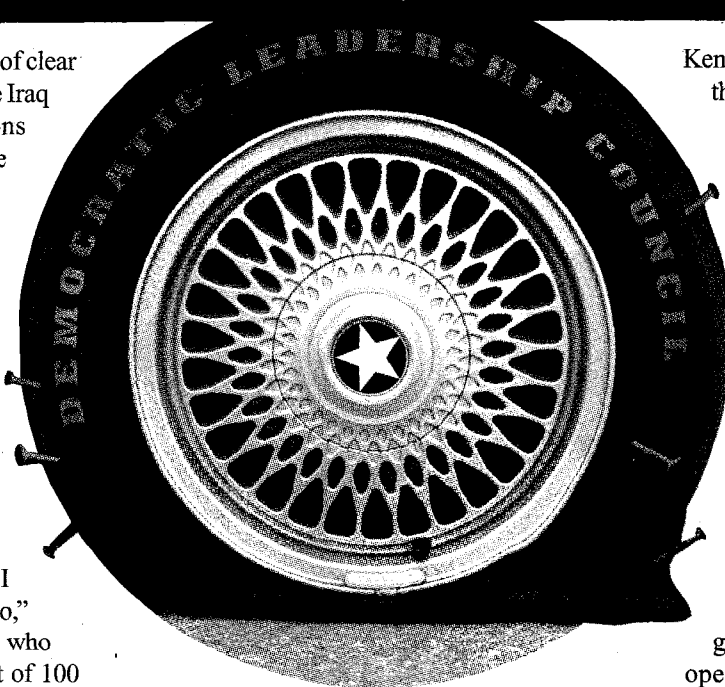
Kenneth Baer, who wrote a history of the organization. "It's that the world changed around the DLC."

Today's DLC is a far cry from the anti-establishment organization created by New Democrats who captured power within the party in the Clinton era by distancing themselves from the party's traditional base and liberal candidates. After co-founding the DLC in 1985, former Congressional aide Al From aggressively expanded what had been an informal caucus of Southern and Western Congressmen into a \$7-million-a-year operation at its peak in 2000. By that time it had 5,000 members, who paid \$50 a pop to join; and politicians, policy wonks and lobbyists flocked to its annual conferences.

The DLC's tough free-market positions, connections to big business and early media savvy enticed Clinton into becoming chair in 1990. Although the organization always took more credit than it deserved for his 1992 victory, downplaying Ross Perot's impact and Clinton's own charisma, that election nevertheless institutionalized the DLC's rising status. DLC strategists William Galston, Elaine Kamarck and Bruce Reed became top domestic policy aides in the Clinton White House. After the Republican Revolution of 1994, From told the Democrats to "get with the [DLC] program." The DLC quickly became the new Washington establishment, launching state chapters, creating a New Democratic Coalition in Congress and expanding its Progressive Policy Institute think tank. A top aide to

GOING NOWHERE

THE DLC SPUTTERS TO A HALT



by ARI BERMAN

Jesse Jackson groused of the post-Clinton Democratic Party, "The DLC has taken it over."

But the DLC's great hopes in 2000 of becoming a permanent power center in Washington never materialized. Al Gore's promising New Democratic candidacy turned sour for the DLC when Gore, a DLC founder, switched to a populist strategy after trailing in the polls. No one but the DLC believes that strategy cost Gore the election. "Gore's defeat didn't reinvigorate the DLC as the defeat of Dukakis did, nor did it vindicate their strategy like the election of 1992," says Baer, a Gore speechwriter in 2000. In George W. Bush's first term, the DLC emerged as an important backer of "compassionate conservatism" and convinced the Democratic leadership to back Bush's war with Iraq. Current and former DLC chairmen Evan Bayh, Joe Lieberman and Dick Gephardt flanked Bush at a ceremony announcing the war resolution. Still enthralled by centrist orthodoxy, prowar candidates emerged as early front-runners in the Democratic primary.

No candidate embodied the New Democrat ethos better than Lieberman, whose moral purity, hawkish views and name recognition earned him early Beltway supporters. Thus, when Howard Dean came into view, the DLC was quick to underestimate Dean's potential resonance with Democratic voters, misjudge the transformative nature of his campaign and mischaracterize the ideological bent of many of his supporters. After supporting a losing candidate in Lieberman, the unpopular war in Iraq and an outdated platform, attacking Dean was the only way the DLC could shift the Democratic debate.

"What activists like Dean call the Democratic wing of the Democratic Party is an aberration; the McGovern-Mondale wing, defined principally by weakness abroad and elitist, interest-group liberalism at home," From and Reed wrote in a fiery memo titled "The Real Soul of the Democratic Party" on May 15, 2003. Four days later, after Dean won the endorsement of the 1.5 million-member public employees union AFSCME, the DLC denounced the union as "fringe activists." But others were having second thoughts—about strategy and the DLC. As Dean surged ahead, DNC chairman and Clinton confidant Terry McAuliffe told From to quiet the attacks. All nine Democratic contenders skipped the DLC's annual convention in Philadelphia.

For his part, Dean became the first serious presidential candidate to challenge the DLC openly since Jesse Jackson. But along with his clear antiwar stance, Dean frequently invoked his record of balancing budgets and his A rating from the NRA. (In fact, in 1996 the DLC had praised re-election of "the centrist Gov. Howard Dean" as indicative of a blossoming "New Democratic leadership.") This led many analysts to wonder whether the DLC's animosity was more about power than ideology. "Mr. From fancies himself a kingmaker," wrote then-*Wall Street Journal* columnist Al Hunt, "and Dr. Dean hasn't supped sufficiently at his table."

Ari Berman writes The Nation's "Daily Outrage" weblog at www.thenation.com/outrage. He is a Ralph Shikes Fellow at the Public Concern Foundation.

Elaine Kamarck, former DLC strategist, says it's great there's been 'a resurgence in grassroots activism on the left side of the party.'

Major fissures emerged within the New Democratic movement as the DLC lost longstanding ideological and organizational support. Elaine Kamarck repudiated her "Politics of Evasion" argument—which laid out the policy blueprint for Clintonism—in a series of *Newsday* columns, arguing that the Dean campaign rendered the DC establishment "pretty much irrelevant." After Kamarck endorsed Dean in early January 2004, the DLC-friendly *New Republic* wrote: "Al From's Head Explodes." "The Democrats are not where we were fifteen years ago," Kamarck now says. "I think it's great that there's been a resurgence in grassroots activism on the left side of the party."

A public feud also emerged between From and the New Democratic Network (NDN), which the DLC founded as its own political action committee to elect New Democrats to Congress. The NDN had been run by loyal DLC protégé Simon Rosenberg since 1996. Rosenberg eschewed the DLC's high-profile attacks

and ideological rigidity, viewing Dean as the most innovative leader since Clinton. "I didn't support Dean's candidacy or agree with him on many issues," Rosenberg told

Time's Joe Klein. "But I appreciated how he did what he did. I also thought it was time for New Democrats to declare victory in the intellectual wars and make peace with the party infrastructure." To that end, Rosenberg kept the NDN centrist in orientation but competed with the DLC for members and money, launching an expensive media campaign targeting Hispanic voters and forming alliances with blogs like DailyKos and MyDD and organizations like MoveOn.org. After ending his bid for DNC chairman, Rosenberg endorsed Dean. "NDN pluralized the concept of a New Democrat," says political analyst Ruy Teixeira. "You can now say you're a New Democrat and have very different views from Al From."

The media coverage of its attacks, plus Dean's own implosion, breathed temporary life into the DLC, as it assumed a large role in John Kerry's policy shop. As the Anybody But Bush movement mobilized, the DLC quietly pushed Kerry rightward, dubbing him "a pragmatic centrist in the Clinton mode."

After Kerry's defeat, the DLC promised to "avoid the circular firing squad" mentality but then quickly broke the promise, reverting to its favorite target: the Democratic base. Instead of labor unions and feminists, the DLC fixated on MoveOn.org and Michael Moore. "We need to be the party of Harry Truman and John Kennedy, not Michael Moore," the DLC wrote on the *Wall Street Journal* op-ed page, of all places. "What leftist elites smugly imagine is a sophisticated view of their country's flaws strikes much of America as a false and malicious cartoon," the DLC's Will Marshall wrote in *Blueprint*, the group's magazine, in a rant worthy of *The Weekly Standard*. "Democrats should have no truck with the rancid anti-Americanism of the conspiracy-mongering left." The DLC continued this vitriol into March.

Such attacks put the DLC back on the front page—a fact that speaks to one of its ongoing sources of strength. For Washington journalists, the DLC is an ideal organization, frequently critical and readily accessible. Privately, DLC staffers complain that only controversy will bring coverage. A fat Rolodex, the product of

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years spent mingling with journalists, gives the DLC an illusion of real power. The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* mentioned or quoted the DLC 200 times during the electoral season, forty more mentions than the Club for Growth, a leading player in the right-wing movement.

The DLC's media savvy has helped it build a wealth of connections. The organization now claims hundreds of state elected officials in the New Democratic directory published on its website. Some, like Bayh or Lieberman, are true believers. Others are happy for the free publicity gained from attending a conference or being named "New Democrat of the Week." And for politicians in red states, joining the DLC offers political cover. "It's the easiest, cheapest way for a politician who wants to be equated with a 'different kind of Democrat,'" says former Dean campaign manager Joe Trippi, who endorsed Rosenberg for DNC chair. "It doesn't mean anything anymore."

For example, fourteen members of the House New Democratic Coalition earned perfect ratings from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action in 2002 or 2003. "The mothership idea of a New Democrat was never shared by the DLC's rank and file, and it's less so today," says Teixeira. The House Coalition lost thirty-six members over the past two years. "Their universe of federal elected officials is relatively small," adds Baer. Of course, the fact that a New Democratic Coalition even exists is testament to the DLC's past success in creating, identifying and marketing a New Democratic brand.

Centrist elected officials have prospered with the DLC's institutional backing, a luxury never afforded to alternative groups like the House Progressive Caucus, which has failed to translate its sizable membership into lasting influence. (Its website hasn't been updated since the Supreme Court ruled on affirmative action in June 2003.) In the Senate, progressives are even less organized. The fact that conservative Democrats like Mary Landrieu and Blanche Lincoln speak through the New Democratic Coalition while center-left Dems like Patrick Leahy and Byron Dorgan lack institutional support is one way the DLC survives.

Conservative Democrats also subsist on "warmed-up leftovers from the Clinton brain trust," as *The Washington Monthly* wrote recently, or what DLC fellow (and former Christian Coalition staffer) Marshall Whitman boasts of as the "tried and tested formula for the Democratic Party's resurgence." But today, emerging wisdom holds that Clintonism without Clinton is not a winning strategy. When Clinton entered office, Democrats controlled both houses of Congress. Democrats now have their smallest minority presence in decades. All eight candidates for whom Clinton campaigned in 2004 lost. Nevertheless, the DLC has adopted Clinton's triangulation tactics on national security, economic policies and family values for the "Heartland Strategy" it's developing to help Democrats win in the red states. What *Daily Show* comedian Lewis Black said recently of Democrats in general is true in spades for the DLC: "Sometimes the devil you know is better than winning."

The "Third Way" of Clinton has now largely given way to opposing George W. Bush. Upon entering the new Congress in January, the House Democratic leadership berated lawmakers for voting with the GOP and warned Democrats that loyalty would become a prerequisite for assuming a committee chair. Senate mi-

nority leader Harry Reid has virtually united Democrats against Social Security privatization, opened a "war room" to counteract the Republican message and promised future fights against conservative judges. Such attitudes illustrate how times appear to be changing in one-party Washington, especially for New Democrats. "The New and Old labels aren't relevant at this point," says former Congressman Joe Hoeffel, past chairman of Pennsylvania's state DLC chapter. "Now that we're in the minority, we need unity to win elections." In the race for DNC chair, the only candidate to embrace a New Democratic platform actively, former Indiana Congressman Tim Roemer, ran far behind, mainly because of his antichoice record. Simon Rosenberg downplayed his past ties to the DLC, emphasizing his work modernizing the NDN. Dean rode to victory on an anti-establishment, reform message. DNC members this year responded favorably to the "outsider" candidate. Now the DLC's archnemesis is in charge of rebuilding the Democratic Party.

Dean won't be alone. The progressive infrastructure that helped keep Kerry alive and began crafting a sharper Democratic message—America Votes, Progressive Majority, Camp Wellstone, Democracy for America, Center for American Progress, Air America Radio, Media Matters, the blogosphere—now exerts a greater degree of influence, bankrolled by new, wealthy outsiders and small donors who share similar goals. George Soros and Peter Lewis have pledged \$100 million over the next fifteen years to support a permanent idea factory rivaling right-wing think tanks like the Heritage Foundation and the mushy centrism of the DLC's Progressive Policy Institute. "We've come to represent a way of doing politics that is dangerous to people in DC who have a nice little niche," says MoveOn.org executive director Eli Pariser. "Bringing in the grassroots will mean a loss of influence for some of the establishment folks."

The DLC finally seems to be getting the message, revising some of its past positions to accommodate a new desire for party unity and a more progressive, grassroots focus. In 2002 the DLC supported privatizing Social Security. Now it's opposed. Evan Bayh, a likely presidential contender in 2008, bucked his fellow New Democrats and voted against the nominations of Condoleezza Rice for Secretary of State and Alberto Gonzales for Attorney General. "We're not trying to impose litmus tests," says DLC policy director Ed Kilgore, a more conciliatory figure than From or Marshall. "It's a little daunting to always be called Republican-lite." Younger DLC members privately say they'll become more involved only when From retires. Quietly, the DLC has been offering "value-based" training for Democratic officials for the past seven years. "Our main focus is now outside the Beltway," Kilgore adds, though he admits that the DLC "has never pretended, nor tried, to be a true grassroots organization." The effort sounds promising, but time will tell whether the DLC can sufficiently reinvent itself; the DLC eliminated its state chapters after they became too independent of Washington.

"Let Republicans be the party of Washington," From wrote recently. "We should take up the reform mantle." To that end, the DLC is even borrowing traditional liberal passions like electoral reform. But before it tries to reform the Democratic Party, the old dinosaur of the Democratic establishment may first have to reform itself. ■

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FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE WORLD SOCIAL FORUM THIS YEAR MADE CREATIVE EXPRESSION AN INTEGRAL PART OF ITS PROGRAM—AND THERE WAS ART IN THE STREETS.



Porto Alegre Postcard: Artists Imagine Another World

ALISA SOLOMON

A young man draped in the colors of the Brazilian flag, an earnest uptilt to his head, strode across the floor waving a star-shaped sign proclaiming LUTA (Struggle). Behind him came a gleaming-eyed girl sporting Venezuelan red, blue and yellow and holding up a five-pointed placard for SOCIALISMO. Others hoisted DEMOCRACIA, PARTICIPAÇÃO and UNIDADE into the firmament of the Gigantinho sports stadium in Porto Alegre, Brazil, as part of the spectacle introducing Venezuelan President Hugo Chávez's Yanqui-defying speech at the World Social Forum in January. Around and around they glided in their kitschy routine; a man strummed folk tunes on a guitar and a radiant woman sang along.

Earlier that afternoon, across a sun-scorched field in the middle of the WSF grounds, some 200 men and women dressed in white dashed about in the sweltering heat, executing a range of choreographic patterns as live and recorded music blared in accompaniment: Astor Piazzolla, Philip Glass, Brazilian pop tunes, schmaltzy ballads. Sometimes the performers advanced en masse toward the audience, which had assembled spontaneously around them. Sometimes they ran around the perimeter of the playing space, the sturdier among them offering a hand of support to those wilting in the sun. In one sequence, they drank water ceremonially from small plastic cups and shared sips with the crowd; in another, they dropped one by one to the ground, then resurrected. The piece lasted about four hours, with the choreographed scenes interrupted from time to time by colorful interventions: a raucous drum corps, a circle of *capoeira* sparring, a folkloric procession by an inter-

generational group from southeastern Brazil, bells jingling on their ankles.

This spectacle, "Farra de Teatro" (Theater Spree), had been created collectively by participants in the WSF attending workshops with Brazilian theater artists over the preceding three days of the forum. With its open, antidoctrinal form, it could not have contrasted more vividly with the pre-Chávez pageantry. Along with the Soviet-style flag frolic, Chávez's vigorous, voluble address may have hit the slogans that animated many of the forum's 155,000 participants—"Imperialism is not invincible," he promised. "Capitalism must be transcended." But it was the Farra de Teatro that captured the WSF's spirit: exploratory, capacious and more than a little chaotic.

This was no accident. The fifth edition of the WSF, the annual people's alternative to the World Economic Forum in Davos, was the first to include Arts and Creation as one of its "thematic terrains"—the eleven groupings under which the event's more than 2,500 panels, discussions and presentations are organized (others included Defending Diversity; Assuring and Defending Earth; Communication; Sovereign Economies for and of the People—against Neoliberal Capitalism; and the largest, Human Rights). As a result, the arts took on a heightened role throughout the six-day event. Offering some 150 concerts, 130 film screenings, 90 art installations, 45 dance or theater performances, 60 panels and workshops, countless spontaneous sing-alongs and street plays, and an almost perpetually open mike in the hip-hop section of the youth camp of 35,000 residents, the WSF this year vastly expanded its aesthetic range and level of sophistication, elevating itself far beyond revolutionary cliché and the culture of Che.

On a panel called "Challenges to Political Art Practices," Brazil's cultural minister, Gilberto Gil, summed up the need for

Alisa Solomon is a theater critic and journalist in New York City and a professor at CUNY.

such a development. "When politics appropriates art, it is transformed into an object that is emptied of its meaning," he said. "What had been just one of the artwork's aspects becomes the only one, and art in its plenitude is brought to heel."

It's not enough to assert, as the WSF's rallying cry puts it, that "Another world is possible," organizers of the arts programming argued. People need to make that other world. Artists, who are in the business of inventing alternative realities, are indispensable to that political enterprise: They keep us exercising the muscle of the imagination.

Some of the WSF's most high-profile participants tried to shift the forum toward action in a more literal way. In a controversial move, nineteen WSF founders and members of its international committee, all but one of them men, issued a manifesto calling, among other things, for cancellation of developing countries' debt, taxing speculative capital transactions and protecting women and minorities from discrimination. "Now no one can say we don't have a program," signatory Ignacio Ramonet, the editor of *Le Monde diplomatique*, explained to the press. Some international committee members who did not sign the document charged its drafters with violating the WSF's principle of horizontal organization and suggested that rather than being released in a press conference, the manifesto should have been posted on the "proposals wall" where WSF participants were invited to tack up their ideas. (Among more than 350 scrawled-upon pages hung suggestions for a project on human rights in China, a global scholars association and a prostitution cooperative.)

Either way, the twelve-point manifesto—though signed by such literary luminaries as Frei Betto, Eduardo Galeano and José Saramago—made no mention of any right to creative expression. Perhaps such a notion seemed romantic or, worse, irrelevant to the forum's main project: to bring together people fighting neoliberal globalization through such efforts as alternative media (a one-day confab on the subject preceded the official opening of the WSF); local resistance to water privatization (in one workshop, a representative from Uruguay described how that country recently amended its constitution to declare water a human right); participatory democracy projects (like Porto Alegre's own famous Participatory Budget, now threatened after sixteen years by a new municipal government, elected in October); and fallow-land seizure and sustainable farming (such as practiced by Brazil's Landless Workers Movement, which has its own extensive arts and culture sector). In previous editions of the WSF, explained Ben Berardi, one of the two co-chairs of the arts committee, performers were welcome to offer the relief of entertainment to forum participants weary from a grueling day debating ideology and tactics. But it took four years to persuade organizers that culture has more to offer—and that artists should benefit from the same sort of international networking and strategy-sharing that draw so many activists to the WSF.

After three forums with incremental improvements, the arts proponents' position got a big boost at the 2004 WSF in Mumbai, India, where cultural manifestations erupted regularly and exuberantly in the streets. "Mumbai convinced everyone," said Marcos Barreto, the other arts co-chair and a theater

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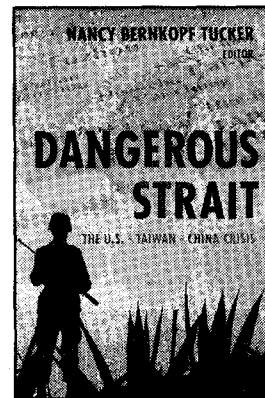


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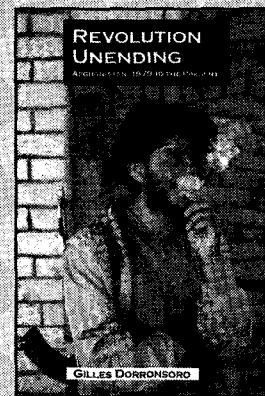


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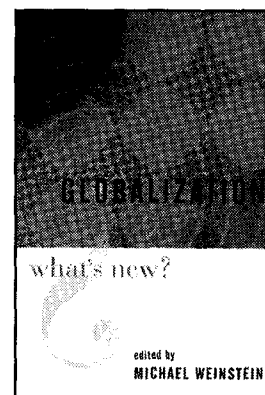
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Paul Newman is a longstanding *Nation* reader and shareholder.

director. In the cultural department of Porto Alegre's government under the Workers Party, Barreto advanced the idea that "art is necessary for citizenship." This year he and his colleagues tried to promote the same energy of open exchange by, for instance, installing musicians on open-air stages scattered throughout the forum's three-mile territory along the Guaíba River. To walk the sweltering trek from one section of meeting tents to another was to pass from the electric screech of a punk guitar to the mesmerizing repetition of indigenous chants to the melodic beat of two South African men rapping about HIV prevention. Perhaps that's why so many reports on this year's WSF—in both mainstream and alternative media—evoked Woodstock, usually with scorn, as if the presence, and pleasures, of all those bands somehow diminished the serious business of resisting imperialism. On the contrary: What would the anti-Vietnam War movement have amounted to without Hendrix and Joplin and Santana and the Dead, and the wider counterculture for which they provided the soundtrack?

Cultural interventions offered a model for politics: groups of strangers coming together and making something wonderful happen.

Comedy intruded productively, too. "Not the kind that dilutes and cheapens an idea," says Leo Bassi, the Italian performance artist who has been calling himself a "clown-terrorist" for at least fifteen years. "But the capacity to laugh at yourself, keeping an open space of doubt in your beliefs."

Bassi staged a deliberately disturbing stunt at the end of an overflowing session on organizing a worldwide boycott of Coca-Cola. With eight Coke cans strapped over his business suit, suicide-bomber style, he listened to delegates from India, Mexico, Colombia, Puerto Rico and Canada charge the company with dumping pollutants, intimidating workers, lowering water tables and endangering people's health. Then Bassi made a speech about the company's ubiquity as a sponsor on the music scene and manically stabbed at his cans, fizzing the reviled beverage over the crowd. "The first rows fled in panic," he says, performing "in an instant what the organizers have been trying to do for years: get people to avoid Coca-Cola."

One evening, a local samba school involved more than 300 forumistas, some of whom had attended its workshops, in a raucous street show. Grouped according to the colors of their bright crepe vests—yellow ones bore slogans related to housing, reds to health, blues to shameless profiteering—the company bounced along to booming music, singing a jubilant protest song, its Portuguese lyrics conveniently printed on cardboard fans handed out to everyone in sight. The mass inched rhythmically down the street in that butt-twitching shuffle of a national dance, joined by all the standard elements of a samba team: dozens of young men pounding on drums, dervishing grandmothers in ruffled prom dresses, shimmying women in enormous heels, feather headdresses and sequined bikinis. This was high-spirited agit-prop without a trace of sanctimony.

Interventions like the samba parade and the Farra de Teatro not only added to the giddy assertion of public space. They offered a model for the doing of politics: groups of strangers coming together with common purpose and, with a little im-

provising, discussion, adjustment and trust, making something wonderful happen.

The more contemplative art presented at the WSF—the best of it, anyway—evoked experiences with an affective clarity and force. In a large exhibit by photographers from all over the world, for instance, Rula Halawani's series of small pictures taken at the Qalandia checkpoint in the West Bank show close-ups of the hands of Israeli soldiers and Palestinians, and of the documents passing between them. The sense of repetition, the suppressed intimacy between the parties, the power relations expressed in the attitude of a finger, the ritual quality of the exchange—these metonymic images convey the feeling of occupation better than political discourse on any panel could.

Few in number compared with the other thematic terrains, the discussion sessions in Arts and Creation were mostly local. Brazilians and sometimes other Latin

Americans traded stories of how they set up an arts project in, say, a school or a *favela*. In one of the most obvious overlaps with other issues on the WSF agenda, some participants considered ways to protect cultural production from the ravages of WTO's free-trade rules, which, they say, would let Hollywood crush film and television studios in developing countries and endanger cultural diversity. (India and Japan are siding with the United States in its effort to remove trade barriers, figuring that Bollywood and Anime would clean up in expanded markets.)

Gilberto Gil himself would hardly want to restrict foreign artworks from entering Brazil—the *tropicalismo* he embraced as a musician in the 1960s was all about ingesting every happening sound, whether electric rock and roll or Argentine tango, into the old bossa nova. The point, though, is that the bossa nova was still there to tinker with—it hadn't been decimated by a steamrolling commercial machine—and that Gil was not replacing it but reinventing it.

Gil seems to find the best analogy for this principle of protecting the local while being open to the global in the open-source software movement he has taken up so enthusiastically, and on which Brazil has been leading the way. Having access to everything—rather than seeing choices restricted by what survives best in the loaded marketplace—is the key, he argued on a panel with digital honchos Lawrence Lessig and John Barlow. Open-source software, he said, allows him to accomplish his primary task as cultural minister: "to expand the space for invention and creation." It's what W.E.B. Du Bois called "cultural democracy."

The WSF will be held every other year from now on, organizers decided after the close of this edition. It will take place in Africa in 2007, and in the meantime regional meetings will convene next year. (The Americas are likely to hold theirs in Venezuela.) It's impossible to predict whether each regional forum, or even the WSF two years from now, will sustain and build upon the advances made in Porto Alegre in incorporating art in a deep and textured way. But one thing is sure: No other world is possible without it. ■

WRITE-IN CANDIDATE DONNA FRYE WAS THE MORAL WINNER IN SAN DIEGO'S MAYORAL RACE.

The Outsider

ABBY AGUIRRE

San Diego grew up as a Navy town, and has historically been defined by a conservative political culture. It was Richard Nixon's "lucky city" in 1972. And it is where, in 1996, the Republican Party convened to nominate Bob Dole for President. Exactly when things started to change on the ground is a matter that depends on whom you ask. (For instance, I will tell you that as recently as the late 1980s, when I was in the fifth grade at a San Diego public school, the teacher asked the class to raise our hands if our parents were Republicans, and all but my and one other kid's hands went up.) But one definitive moment in San Diego's political development will be easy for future civic historians to pin down. It happened a few months ago, when a gadfly City Council member, environmentalist and surf-shop owner named Donna Frye announced her write-in candidacy for the city's mayoral race at the eleventh hour and earned more votes than the other two candidates, both Republicans.

Frye's turnout surprised San Diego voters partly because, from a practical standpoint, the odds were stacked against her. She was a school-of-hard-knocks candidate competing against a Harvard-educated former judge and a county supervisor who had served two terms on the City Council. (Though Frye does have an associate's degree and some fifteen years' experience running her own business, you are more likely to read about her life as a hotel maid, gas-station attendant, short-order cook and recovering alcoholic.) She was a political outsider, and she cobbled up a grassroots campaign that in today's terms was conspicuously light on rhetoric. Not to mention that she had only five weeks to convince the electorate to vote for Donna Frye, a name they might not have heard before and would not find on the ballot.

But Frye's turnout surprised people mostly because she was a progressive running against two establishment Republicans in what is thought to be a conservative stronghold (it is, after all, the city that gave the world Tucker Carlson). And because she managed to rouse a ground-up movement in a town that often seems content to enjoy its climate and leave the bother of political involvement to bigger, more troubled cities.

"It was a series of surprises," said Frye, sitting cross-legged on the floor of the home in which she grew up, which she now shares with her mom and husband, legendary surfer and longboard shaper Skip Frye. Apart from the fact that she doesn't drive, Frye is every bit the Southern Californian: Her long blond hair is parted down the middle, her face lined from fifty-two years in the sun. "When I announced that I might consider running, the phones went crazy," she said. "Calls of support came from all over



the city." At first she thought it was a few hundred people, but when Frye went out to collect the 200 signatures needed to establish her candidacy, she got more than 3,000 in one weekend.

Throughout her short campaign, Frye was bowled over by the hundreds of strangers, "people I'd never seen in my life," who came out of the woodwork to volunteer. To her longtime friend and legal counsel Marco Gonzalez, it was obvious Frye had a populist appeal. "When you go out on the streets, the amount of sup-

port that she has is unmatched," he said, "and it doesn't follow normal political or demographical lines." Since Frye didn't have yard signs, local artists contributed designs and a handful of printing shops in the city offered discounts to supporters who wanted to make copies. Still, despite the extraordinary enthusiasm she inspired, not even Frye would have guessed she'd take the lead in a race too close to call.

When she did, the surfing metaphor proved irresistible to the national press: "Surf Shop Owner Rides Mayoral Wave" (*Boston Globe*); "Riding a Write-In Wave to the Brink of City Hall" (*New York Times*); "Writing the Wave in San Diego" (*Washington Post*). But Frye insists much of the coverage got her backwards. "I'm not a surfer who dabbles in politics. I'm an activist who dabbles in surfing, and I was never that good at it."

Frye was a teenager in the late 1960s, and, like many of that generation, she describes her political awakening in a kind of shorthand: "You know, civil rights, Vietnam, women's issues, voter registration." During the 1970s and '80s, she counseled rape survivors and battered women, a line of work she had to give up. ("It was breaking my heart too much.") As a technical editor for the Navy she tried, unsuccessfully, to organize a labor union. But it wasn't until Skip got a viral infection from surfing in the Pacific Ocean in the 1990s that Frye became a regular at City Hall. She routinely waited hours to give minutes of testimony about the poor water quality at popular city beaches. When elected officials were slow to respond, Frye, armed with disturbing bacteriological reports, held press conferences in front of the storm drains she believed were bringing sewage to the sea. She was right, and her efforts led to a significant strengthening of San Diego's water-monitoring and warning systems.

Frye started bringing her politics into the surf shop. "I was trying to figure out how to get surfers registered to vote," she explained. "I thought: humor." She set up a display of a toilet that when flushed played an answering-machine message pleading customers not to flush the ocean down the drain. Soon after, GOP Congressman Brian Bilbray voted to gut the Clean Water Act, after claiming to be a surfer. "So we made it an educational toilet about the Congressman's voting record."

Abby Aguirre is a New York-based freelance writer who has contributed to *City Limits* and *the Village Voice*.

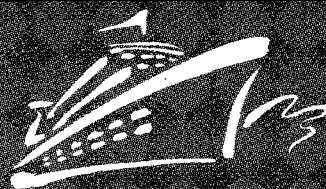
A City Council member since 2001, Frye has often been on the unpopular end of lopsided votes. On allowing further expansion of the Sea World theme park, the Council voted 8 to 1; on the use of public money to subsidize a new baseball stadium for the San Diego Padres, 8 to 1; and on a number of votes permitting the city to invoke its power of eminent domain for private development, 8 to 1. She has criticized what she calls a "culture of secrecy" at City Hall and boycotted the Council's secretive closed-session meetings. "My agenda for the city is pretty easy to understand," she explained. "Tell the public the truth, do the public's business in public." And to those who think her an unlikely public figure, she has this to say: "You can't live here and not have an affinity for the natural environment, and you can't love the natural environment, the ocean, and not care about what's been happening politically in this city."

As it turns out, San Diegans urgently need someone who cares about what's been happening politically in their city. On the heels of the devastating October 2003 wildfires, which exposed, along with 300,000 acres of scorched ground, the city's failure to staff and outfit its fire department adequately, came indictments of three Council members accused of taking bribes from Las Vegas club owners to loosen San Diego's no-contact rule at strip clubs. More recently, a plan to increase benefits for city workers and underfund pension accounts put San Diego \$1.2 billion in the red and prompted investigations by the FBI, the US Attorney and the Securities and Exchange Commission, earning the city the nickname "Enron-by-the-Sea." Once again, Frye was the only Council member to vote against the plan.

In other words, Donna Frye stood for something at a critical, and dismal, moment in local politics. Yet her success has also forced the city and country to wake up to what she apparently has known for some time: "San Diego is not a conservative city," she argues. "It may have been conservative at one time, maybe fifteen years ago, but not anymore."

The evidence is there. San Diegans have voted Democratic in the last three presidential elections. San Diego's state delegation is mostly Democratic. And though Republicans still have a voter-registration edge over Democrats in the larger San Diego County, Democrats outnumber Republicans in the city itself. If not an overwhelmingly Democratic city, it is certainly a moderate one, with what might be called a budding progressive movement, observable on two main fronts.

Foremost are the environmental groups. Founded in San Diego in 1980, the Environmental Health Coalition (EHC), one of the country's oldest grassroots environmental-justice organizations, has secured the preservation of more than 2,000 acres of coastal wetlands; published the first comprehensive pollution-prevention guide designed for local governments; pushed for policy banning the use of toxic pesticides adjacent to low-income, Latino communities; and convinced the EPA to award San Diego one of the nation's first "Emerging Brownfield" grants to relocate polluting industries outside residential communities. (Donna Frye's campaign manager and senior policy adviser, Nicole Capretz, was once a legal and policy analyst at the EHC.) The city's environmental movement also has strong roots in the surfing community, a crowd popularly thought of as escapist and apolitical. Frye, for example, founded Surfers Tired of Pollution (STOP) and is



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involved with the Surfrider Foundation, a grassroots group that works to protect oceans, waves and beaches.

Historically nobody's idea of a union-friendly town, San Diego now has an active labor movement. This is thanks in large part to the aggressive direction of Jerry Butkiewicz, secretary treasurer since 1996 of the San Diego–Imperial Counties Labor Council, an AFL-CIO umbrella for more than 100,000 union workers (41 percent of whom are Hispanic) and more than 100 affiliated labor groups. "We retooled our political program in order to mobilize our own members," said Donald Cohen, former political director of the Labor Council and current director of the Center on Policy Initiatives, a research and policy group that works with organized labor. Unions have also become more active in local political campaigns. A report has yet to be compiled for the most recent election, but in the two previous election cycles, unions outspent business in the independent-expenditures category by more than two to one. For her part, Frye won the single most important labor endorsement, that of the Labor Council.

Undeniable, too, are San Diego's shifting demographics. According to Census data, the Hispanic population increased 47.1 percent in the San Diego region between 1990 and 2000, when it became official that one in every four San Diego residents is of Hispanic origin. Frye earned key endorsements from the San Diego Chicano Democratic Association and two prominent Spanish-language newspapers in the city. There are no hard statistics to cite, but Daniel Muñoz Jr., editor of the city's oldest Mexican-American newspaper, *La Prensa*, thinks more Hispanics voted for Frye than for her opponents. "The other two candidates didn't speak to the issues of the community," he said.

Perhaps the least surprising aspect of this story is the ballot-

counting controversy that followed. Of the voters who took the trouble to write in Frye's name, 5,551 did not darken a corresponding bubble, and their ballots were disqualified. The incumbent, Dick Murphy, was pronounced the winner by 2,108 votes and sworn in on December 8. The last legal challenge was rejected on February 2, leaving an appeal the only possibility for reversal.

So Donna Frye is not the mayor of San Diego, and Dick Murphy and his lawyer are left insisting, against all evidence of the voters' clear intent, that on account of a technicality the disputed ballots are simply "illegal." Which is why some are saying that losing the election might be the best thing that ever happened to Frye. After all, she is the moral winner—she earned the most votes and in many eyes is the city's rightful mayor. The *New York Times* thinks so; the *Los Angeles Times* thinks so; even the *San Diego Business Journal* thinks so; and certainly a plurality of San Diego voters thinks so.

At the very least, Donna Frye became, if not mayor, one of the most influential political figures in California's second-largest city. Those who work with her say the difference is already palpable, even in Sacramento, where, once dismissed as just another liberal environmentalist, her name now commands respect. "She's much more viable as a politician," said Marco Gonzalez. "And the big change is going to be that now, every time she comes out and voices the lone opposition on the Council, it's going to make everyone stop and take pause."

Asked whether, if the election is ultimately not reversed, she will make a play for the mayor's office in four years, Frye seemed uninterested in talking about the future. "I never know what I'm going to do," she said. "I don't plan. I just do what comes naturally." ■

LETTERS

C O N T I N U E D

(Continued From Page 2)

Marcuse and a six-volume German collection edited by Peter-Erwin Jansen published by zu Klampen Press, which also republished the nine-volume Suhrkamp Schriften collection. Thus Herbert Marcuse continues as a valuable resource for thought and action in the contemporary moment.

DOUGLAS KELLNER

Frankfurt am Main, Germany

■ Reading Russell Jacoby's review of my book about Adorno, I find one misunderstanding that I would like to correct. He says that it is my intention to "cast [Adorno] in a bad light" and mentions a quote from Adorno about his mother, the singer. It says, "I have to thank her for everything in nature but do not feel it as such." Jacoby then adds, "For Jäger this cloudy sentence clearly damns Adorno. It's 'importance...can scarcely be overstated,' he writes. The opposite—its importance can scarcely be understated—would be more accurate." Since I am not a native speaker of English, I have no real judgment about the accuracy of the translation of this specific passage, but I can assure you that in the German version my intention is very clear: to emphasize Adorno's emotional as well as intel-

lectual attachment to his mother, which, as far as I am aware, nobody could reasonably "cast in a bad light." In the chapter about the posthumously published "Aesthetic Theory," I go so far as to read this book as an *hommage* to his mother. I deeply regret any misunderstanding of the passage Jacoby highlighted.

LORENZ JÄGER

JACOBY REPLIES

Venice, Calif.

■ I'm afraid that Peter Marcuse has misread my comments about his father. First of all, for the record, I consider myself a student of Herbert Marcuse, whose work I cherish and whose blurb for my own first book bespoke his generosity. I did not "complain" in my review that Marcuse is "too lucid." Rather, I mull on the fact that the attention bestowed on Walter Benjamin and T.W. Adorno eclipses that on Marcuse, and I surmise that scholars prefer opacity to lucidity; the former allows endless commentary, while the latter does not. Marcuse, perhaps like Edmund Wilson, has fallen out of favor among academic climbers because he is "too lucid." Need I say that this is not a weakness, but a virtue? To be sure, according to Douglas Kellner, Marcuse

has not fallen out of favor. I failed to note a con-fab in Philadelphia and a panel at the American Education Research Association. How could I have missed these? But, Comrade Doug, I am simply comparing the zillion writings on Adorno to the small trickle on Marcuse. Perhaps there is "something of a renaissance" of interest in Marcuse, but the accent (so far) needs be placed on the "something." As to Jäger: He is a very courtly soul. I can learn from him. He does not dispute that he tried to put Adorno in a "bad light"; nor does he contest the many critical statements I made about his book. He takes exception to a single sentence where I suggest that he wrongly accents Adorno's coldness to his mother. My apologies. I am happy to be corrected.

RUSSELL JACOBY

MARCH MADNESS

■ In Baz Dreisinger's "In Radical Matrimony" [March 7], Janet Jagan's daughter-in-law is Nadia, not Nadine, Jagan. In John Nichols's March 7 "Now He Has the Power," John Kerry won two counties, not one, in Kansas. In Eric Alterman's March 14 "The Liberal Media," his Altercation blog began in May 2002, not 2004.

(Continued From Page 6)

In fact, Paez was only one of at least six filibusters Republicans attempted during the Clinton years. Senator Orrin Hatch and others argue that these filibusters don't count because they ultimately weren't successful in blocking the nominees. All that proves, however, is that Clinton's nominees were moderate enough to secure sixty votes. It also suggests the remedy to Bush's problem: Stop nominating extremist judges to the federal bench.

Myth 3: *Republicans have the moral high ground.* According to Republicans, their opposition to judicial filibusters is motivated by a nonpartisan commitment to law and decorum. Frist said Republicans in the Senate "are the stewards of rich Senate traditions and constitutional principles that must be respected." Frist talks a good game. In reality, Republicans aren't motivated by a desire to protect the hallowed pages of the Constitution. Rather, right-wing zealots have shown themselves ready to do anything—and everything—to force through their judicial nominees while blocking those of their opponents. One of the more egregious examples of dirty tricks occurred in 2002–03, when Republican staffers from the Judiciary Committee hacked into Democratic computers and stole hundreds of files. Fifteen of those confidential memos, which detailed Democratic strategies for fighting the most extreme Bush judicial nominees, were then leaked to friendly conservative media outlets like the *Washington Times*, columnist Bob Novak and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page.

That wasn't the first time Republicans contaminated the judicial nomination process. During the Clinton years, they used a slew of questionable legislative ploys to smother judicial nominations quietly while in committee. One favorite tactic: In 1994 Senator Hatch added language to the Senate rules for confirming nominees. His objective: to allow a single senator to easily—and secretly—block nominations from leaving committee. It worked. Judge Marsha Berzon's nomination was secretly stymied for more than two years. (Senator Bob Smith finally admitted his role.) The nomination of Judge Ronnie White, who had bipartisan support in the Senate, languished in committee for almost two and a half years. Judge Helen White waited four years for a hearing; she never got one. This behind-the-scenes scheming proved to be so popular, Republicans were able to block more than sixty of Clinton's nominations. (To no one's surprise, as soon as Bush took office, Hatch abandoned this procedure, allowing nominees to sail through.) The bottom line: While a filibuster requires at least forty-one Senators on board to block a nominee, under Republican leadership, it took only a single dissent.

Myth 4: *Filibusters are more appropriate for legislation than judges.* Hatch claims that filibusters of judicial nominations are unacceptable. However, "filibusters of legislation," he argues, "are different." He's got it backward. Yes, the filibuster plays an important role in protecting minority interests when it comes to legislation. But unfair laws can be overturned or amended at any time. If minority interests are trampled, the aggrieved parties can take their case to the American people and set the country down a new path. Federal judges, however, are nominated for life. Those confirmed by this Congress will be issuing important rulings long after the current group of politicians is history. These judges should not be hard-line ideologues for the controlling political party. They

should be acceptable to a broad range of Americans. In other words, if a judicial nominee can't secure sixty votes in the Senate, he or she is not a good choice for the federal bench.

Bush may make the nominations, but federal judges interpret the law for *all* Americans. Members of the Senate have the responsibility to use every tool they have to make sure the right judges are confirmed. There is no reason that taking a hard look at every nominee precludes a civil, substantive and productive process. But the first step toward ending the acrimony over judges in Washington is putting a stop to Frist's partisan propaganda campaign.

JUDD LEGUM AND CHRISTY HARVEY

Judd Legum and Christy Harvey are, respectively, deputy research director and deputy director of strategic communications at the American Progress Action Fund. For more on judicial nominations, see Garrett Epps's "Judicial Jeopardy: Questions for Nominees" at www.thenation.com.

Hunter S. Thompson

San Francisco

He said he wanted his ashes shot out of a cannon. "A great funeral" was what he wanted, he told his son. Then he walked into the kitchen and shot himself dead in the head. That was the end of my old friend Hunter S. Thompson. But the end is only the beginning of his story.

His last column was a sports column, for ESPN's *Page 2*. He began his writing career as a sportswriter, and he came full circle to end it that way. Hunter viewed corporate journalism through the same prism of suspicion he used to pull the butterfly wings off professional politicians. He was fond of saying the sports box scores were the only part of a newspaper you could trust because "there were too many witnesses to the final score for anyone to lie."

Hunter Thompson's demise at 67 of a self-inflicted gunshot wound at his compound in Woody Creek, Colorado, has rattled his friends and admirers in this hang-loose city that's still struggling to ascertain if it was Kool-Aid or Flavor Aid that the Rev. Jim Jones of San Francisco served to his followers in Guyana, and why.

Sudden death shakes this earthquake-prone town, where life is taken so easily for granted. Thompson's favorite San Francisco hangouts were decked in gloom. The night of his death, in the back room of the Tosca, writer Tim Ferris and others of Hunter's close Frisco friends sat *shiva* with owner Jeanette Etheredge. Gavin Newsom, the mayor, sat in to hear the tales. Recalled was the night when Thompson took every glass in the bar and stacked them in an increasingly unstable pyramid on four cocktail tables. The understandably nervous owner told the writer that if he put one more glass on top of the heap the "damn thing will fall down." Just one more glass, Jeanette, Hunter said. It fell down.

The morning after his death, at the Mitchell Brothers' O'Farrell Theater, the flags above the marquee were lowered to half-staff. The O'Farrell was Hunter's other San Francisco hangout. He spent many moons there as the night manager on a prepaid assignment from *Playboy* about the sex industry, roosting on a high director's chair up in the wings where the spotlights were played on the girls

COMMENT

on the stage below, learning the biz and watching the action. He had broken his leg in an indelicate back flip off the bar at the Tosca, and it was in a humongous cast. A bottle of Chivas Regal was in one hand and his dainty cigarette holder in the other. This was the nightly sight, for months. He never wrote the article, of course.

Action followed Hunter like a shadow from a scarecrow. I met him in the mid-1960s when I was editing *Ramparts*, a Catholic anti- (Vietnam) war slick. We published out of an office on the lower Broadway strip of San Francisco. Hunter showed up one night and left his knapsack on the couch in my office when we went to dinner. At the time I had a pet monkey named Henry Luce. Henry got out of his cage and into Hunter's knapsack and opened many bottles of pills and gobbled the contents. When we returned the monkey was bananas and running at top speed along the railing above the office cubicles. He had turned into a ferocious, snarling monster and no one could pacify him. It took a day and a half for him to slow down. "Goddam monkey stole my pills," Hunter said.

Gonzo journalism—the unedifying concept of the reporter as the active part of the story—grew out of a 1970 assignment I gave Thompson for *Scanlan's Monthly*, a successor to *Ramparts* edited out of New York (with Sidney Zion) and San Francisco, where it was housed in advertising genius Howard Gossage's firehouse on Pacific Avenue. Hunter had called me at home in San Francisco about 4 AM—a normal social hour for him—to say that he wanted to cover the Kentucky Derby, which was then but two days away. I said OK, we'd send him tickets and money and find an artist to hook up with him.

The poor soul conscripted was Ralph Steadman, the brilliant English editorial cartoonist and accomplished oenophile. The way Hunter later told me the story, Steadman arrived on the Saturday morning of the Derby dazed and jet-lagged, to be picked up by Hunter in a rented red convertible. The author had driven but two miles and barely said hello to the Englishman before he put his scheme into action. He braked the convertible, took out a can of Mace and shot Steadman square in the face and threw him out on the highway with his pencils. "You make it to the Derby and we'll have a story going," Thompson said he said. Steadman lost his pencils but made his way to the Derby. He caught up with Thompson and gave him a rap on the head and borrowed a lipstick and eyebrow pencil from a woman bettor and produced hallucinatory sketches for what was to become the first of the "Fear and Loathing" series. Gonzo journalism was born slouching its way toward Bethlehem. (Steadman, who differs with Hunter's recollection of this drug-fueled odyssey, where remembrance is not the currency of things past, was Maced again toward the end of the Kentucky Derby story, forging a cruel bond the odd couple maintained through a memorable series of later articles and books.)

When I was an editor at Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* in the mid-1980s, I talked to Will Hearst, who wanted to liven up the place, about bringing Thompson aboard as a columnist. (It didn't take much persuading; Will was a fan of Hunter's.) The bean-counter issue was not so much Hunter's salary as the amount we had to set aside for accrued damages, given Hunter's penchant for turning hotel rooms into demolition sites. Hunter's hi- and low-

jinks and his personal destructo-derbies have been portrayed by some as immature, but I think those sourpuss critics miss the point.

Hunter was one of the sanest men I have known—suicide aside, but suicide can be a rational option, ask Clint Eastwood—and his larger-than-life persona as part of the story was his way of shattering what he considered the myth of objectivity in journalism. He thought all media were biased, protected by layers of cautious corporate camouflage pretending to objectivity, and the only way a writer could express his well-founded political likes and dislikes was to break the mold of objective journalism and go for the wild thing; then editors treated you differently because they were either afraid or fascinated by you. You had to be, in a way, bigger than the story to be able to tell the story, which in Hunter's case was the raw truth as the writer saw it.

A television journo asked me if Hunter had "forged a new path" in journalism. I thought about it and said no, he had, rather, beaten his way back through the overgrown jungle of bureaucratic media to the original path of nineteenth-century journalism, when journalism was actually a popular, participatory sport, and editors swore openly and imbibed freely and spat tobacco and carried guns and cussedly attacked politicians and other editors by name as varmints unworthy of becoming roadkill. (Parenthetically, the glory days of American journalism, which included the great muckrakers, were before modern advertising as we know it. Publishers were previously dependent on the pennies or nickels of readers who actually wanted to read their sheets; with the intrusion of corporate advertising subsidizing the price of a publication came corporate media and corporate caution and self-censorship.)

Hunter's personal style of journalism blew a hole in the tin can of the profession and let in some welcome air. He has inspired a new generation of young journalists-to-be who have been less than called to a profession assuming the dull armor of accounting. His the-personal-is-political and the-political-is-personal worldview was the seed path to blogging, which makes little pretense to harrumphing "objectivity" but insists on telling the truth as the blogger sees scoundrels and professional humbug.

The galaxy of difference between Hunter and the J-school mafia who carp that he at times made up facts—more precisely, that he fantasized them in the Mark Twain tradition—was that Hunter saw the political reality for what it was, the hog in the tunnel, and one can't say the same for the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post's* support of the Vietnam War, or the *Times's* "objective" Judith Miller in her reporting that promoted the WMD-in-Iraq myth.

Was February 20's tragedy the end of Hunter Thompson? I think not. His friend Tim Ferris said, "Now more movies about him are going to be made, the legend is going to grow, and young people will hear the call—Hunter will become to journalism what Che was to revolution."

As a Hollywood smartie said after Elvis Presley's death: This was a good career move for Elvis.

WARREN HINCKLE

Warren Hinckle, a recipient of the H.L. Mencken Award, is a longtime columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle and Examiner and the former editor of *Ramparts*, *Scanlan's Monthly* and *Francis Ford Coppola's City* magazine. He is editor and publisher of *The Argonaut* in San Francisco.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Man Who Wasn't There

DANIEL SWIFT

THE WORLD OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

By David Riggs.

Holt. 411 pp. \$30.

TAMBURLAINE MUST DIE.

By Louise Welsh.

Canongate. 149 pp. \$18.95.

Christopher Marlowe's life was short, sharp and irresistible. His fame rests not only on six violently glittering plays written in his 20s but also on the tantalizing story that may be considered his masterpiece, for Marlowe inhabited his time like a player strutting upon an invisible stage. His life was his most remarkable piece of theater.

Everyone imitated Marlowe. His first play, *Tamburlaine*, was staged when he was 23, and its success can most readily be gauged by its imitators. As David Riggs notes in his new biography, *The World of Christopher Marlowe*, within the next couple of years three new plays were staged that were more or less direct copies of Marlowe's original, while Shakespeare wrote his early Henry VI plays under the influence of Marlowe's style. A decade later, as the church authorities burned copies of Marlowe's semipornographic love poems in the streets, Shakespeare again returned to imitating his predecessor in *As You Like It*. Marlowe's contemporaries regarded him with a mixture of awe and fear; as his friend Thomas Nashe wrote, "No leaf he wrote on but was like a burning glass to set on fire all his readers."

We are still Marlowe's readers today: Riggs's biography follows Constance Brown Kuriyama's *Christopher Marlowe: A Renaissance Life*, published in 2002. The early death of such a man is written in the swagger of his life, and Marlowe's murder at the age of 29 in a bar brawl has been endlessly commemorated in the fantasies of his fans. The movie *Shakespeare in Love*

imagined that Marlowe died for Shakespeare's cowardice; Crimelibrary.com, a website devoted to "criminal minds and methods," includes a feature on Marlowe's death among its litany of serial killers, terrorists and outlaws. Louise Welsh's novel *Tamburlaine Must Die* is the third book in the past fifteen years to return to the circumstances of the murder, and to spin stories around its fantastic possibilities.

While their treatments differ—Riggs's biography has the footnoted weight of a sober academic study, while Welsh's novel is as quick and dark as a child's nightmare—these two books agree that here, indeed, is quite a man. Riggs wants to give us a Marlowe of his time, but he does so uneasily. His is a slippery subject. Marlowe spelled his name many ways—"Marlin," "Merling," "Marlen" and "Marley"—and moved through as many worlds. Marlowe

Christopher Marlowe's fame rests not only on five violently glittering plays but on the story that might just be his masterpiece: his life.

spent his childhood in Canterbury: His father was a shoemaker, and his education at the local school consisted mainly of the memorization of religious texts and Latin literature. In 1580 he won a scholarship to Cambridge. So far in the story, much is typical, but at some point while he was at Cambridge, Marlowe's life became extraordinary. He began writing love poetry and the plays that would briefly make him the most famous playwright in England; he also started working as a government spy, informing on English Catholics in exile in Europe.

It is precisely this combination of ordinary and extraordinary activities, played out in a single life, that makes Marlowe a fascinating, and yet impossible, biographical subject. Riggs's painstaking research allows him to tell us what a typical contemporary of Marlowe's might have had for lunch—"a small piece of beef and barley broth, at eleven a.m."—but this is not quite

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the same as telling us what Marlowe himself ate. In the great epic of human activity, lunchtime is a relatively marginal interlude; but in the biography of a specific individual, what he thought and when is vital. And this cannot be known, as Riggs himself admits, "for the simple reason that he has left no first-person utterances for us to interpret."

Riggs's response to this dearth of evidence is to produce a lovingly researched yet broken-backed and reticent book. The structure is split. Half the chapters are small masterpieces of historical scholarship: Riggs traces the everyday structures of sixteenth-century intellectual life with anthropological precision. His description of the education system and its obsession with rhetorical games, and of the murky intricacies of the spy networks contrived by the paranoid Elizabethan state, are exemplary. There is today no finer guide to Marlowe's world than David Riggs.

The book's title, however, bears within it a promise on which the remaining sections fail to deliver. Marlowe may have been of this world, but he was also in it: emotionally, viscerally and—more so for him than for other men—bloodily. Riggs's Marlowe, however, is cold. The plays and poems, the only surviving traces we have of Marlowe's emotional and intellectual engagement with his world, are diminished: The sexy and seductive love poetry is described for the ways Marlowe's versions manipulate the Ovidian sources, and *Tamburlaine*, which flaunts its bloodthirsty blasphemy in the story of an atheist who conquers the world, gives Riggs the opportunity to explain Elizabethan cosmology. Marlowe himself is a cipher, a ghost haunting Riggs's narrative.

Riggs's wariness is most evident when he is faced with the lived details of his subject's life. In the autumn of 1580 Marlowe left school and went early to take up his university scholarship. "If he followed the usual route from Canterbury to Cambridge, Marlowe went up Watling Street past Faversham to the cathedral city of Rochester. He would have found rides with agricultural or trade vehicles," Riggs writes. "The seventy-mile trip probably took Marlowe about three days, unless the cold December weather slowed him down." There is a whole novel lurking here: a 16-year-old boy on an unknown midwinter journey from his hometown to the greatest center of learning in England, where he would become a spy, a

love-poet and a notorious atheist. But Riggs instead chooses the conditional tense, and his ifs and probablys tell us a lifetime more about what Riggs will not do than what Marlowe might have.

Academic criticism requires this reluctance, but it is not the only mode in which literary history can be written. Put simply, Riggs has little sense of the creative impulse that drives people to write works of literature. This is doubly unfortunate, since his book is not only a biography of a

Marlowe may have been of this world, but he was also in it: emotionally, viscerally and—more so for him than for other men—bloodily.

writer but of a writer who was the target, during his lifetime, of a series of extravagantly creative fictions. Marlowe's contemporaries understood that he was something special, and they reacted, in envy and in fear, by spinning wild tales around him.

Marlowe's life was full of libels—attacks upon him circulated like flies long before his corpse was in the ground—but two in particular sealed his fate. On the night of May 5, 1593, an anonymous set of rhyming couplets appeared on the wall of the Dutch churchyard in London. The poem threatened the city's commercial immigrants, whose presence was protected by the Queen; it alluded to two of Marlowe's plays, and was signed simply "Tamburlaine." Three weeks later, the Queen's governing Privy Council received a document titled "Note Containing the opinion of one Christopher Marly Concerning his Damnable Judgement of Religion, and scorn of God's word." The note was signed by Richard Baines, an old acquaintance of Marlowe's: The two men had been jointly investigated a few years earlier for counterfeiting currency, and Baines was well-known as a spy and double agent. According to Baines, Marlowe believed "that Christ was a bastard and his mother dishonest," "that St John the Evangelist was bedfellow to Christ" and "that all they that love not boys and tobacco are fools." The combination was lethal. Marlowe was summoned to appear before the council, and a week later was stabbed to death in a bar in Deptford by a government agent.

Riggs passes over the Dutch church libel in two pages; while he gives its context, he does not discuss its contents. The Baines note, however, he takes as a major source. He quotes it a dozen times, and assumes that the charges by Baines were Marlowe's sincere opinions. "Marlowe asserted," he writes; "Marlowe claimed."

Never mind that Baines testified against Marlowe under the threat of torture or execution, or that he was paid more for his story than any bestselling novelist today; Riggs does not contemplate the whys or the ifs, taking Baines's accusations as reports. He forces fiction to do the work of fact.

It need not necessarily be so. These two libels provide Louise Welsh with the skeleton of her new thriller *Tamburlaine Must Die*, which fictionalizes Marlowe's last days with novelistic wit and interpretive imagination. Welsh is no academic: She is best known for her bestselling previous novel, *The Cutting Room*, a darkly brooding story about

pornography and murder in twentieth-century Scotland. But every line of *Tamburlaine Must Die* is informed by a thorough grasp of not only the day-to-day of Marlowe's life but also a sympathetic willingness to imagine the in-between.

Close to the start of *Tamburlaine Must Die*, the narrator announces, "My name is Christopher Marlowe, also known as Marle, Morley, Marly, known as Kit, known as Xtopher, son of a Canterbury cobbler." Welsh gives Marlowe a voice, and it sounds like Marlowe. He is casually blasphemous—sneeringly describing the church bells calling the devout to prayer as "a sound that plagues our city"—and sexually ambitious, sleeping both with his rich patron and a nameless underage prostitute in a two-day span. He quotes his own plays, mocks lesser poets and has a hangman's sense of humor: "This is the theatre of blood," he yells, as he beats up a friend of his in a theater.

This Marlowe knows the price of stories. "Men have no trouble recounting tragedy when it is broken out of them," he tells one of his many interrogators, and the stories told here have a keen sense of cost. The Dutch church libel, in Welsh's telling, was composed by an actor acquaintance of Marlowe's who was jealous of his friend's success. Marlowe later meets Baines in a bar and, drunkenly showing off, recites the blasphemies that subsequently appear in Baines's note to the Privy Council. Marlowe's fictions later return to haunt him as a death sentence. Welsh's Marlowe lives and dies by storytelling: Her novelist's impulse to trade fact for fiction and the known for the felt is a perfect fit with the aggrandizing, enigmatic and story-haunted playwright.

If Christopher Marlowe's life is irresistible, it is in part because it was of a mo-

ment we still find irresistible. There are not any plans in Hollywood to make *Marlowe in Love*—though it would be quite a movie—but there is an overflow of interest in his time. Following Stephen Greenblatt's bestselling *Will in the World*, an imaginative account of the interplay between

Shakespeare's works and his world, there are two Shakespeare biographies scheduled for publication this year and two more in 2006. The age of Shakespeare and Marlowe is sufficiently distant to require our imagination, and sufficiently close to deserve it. ■

ART

American Graffiti

ARTHUR C. DANTO

CY TWOMBLY

These fragments I have shored against my ruins. —T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*

In the works that made him famous, Jasper Johns realized an ancient dream by painting things that overcame the distinction between reality and representation—numerals, for example, or targets. Thus a painting of the numeral 2 is at once the numeral 2 and its representation; the same is true of a painting of a target, or of the American flag. This was not quite the achievement the sculptor Pygmalion had in mind when he carved a woman in marble that metamorphosed into a woman of flesh and blood. Still, with its mischievous approach to the seemingly intractable divide between reality and representation, Johns's work acquired a remarkable philosophical interest. Like his friend Robert Rauschenberg, Johns mined what Rauschenberg called "the gap between art and life." Both Johns and Rauschenberg explored as well the gap between Abstract Expressionism and Pop, its cool successor and ostensible antithesis.

Rauschenberg's friend Cy Twombly was the third member of this remarkable cohort, united by personal bonds and comparable aesthetic ambitions, but his work stands apart from that of his more famous peers. Twombly's relationship to the New York School was closer; the signature feature of his work is the scribble, which has an affinity with Pollock's drips. Whereas Johns carefully drew or printed numerals and stencil-like letters, Twombly scrawled lines that were barely legible. Twombly had fewer qualms about being overtly representational, and he didn't seem to worry much whether his scribbles were read as imitations of scribbling or as the thing itself. Even so, his art was very much in harmony with that of the Pop generation and beyond, based as it was on loosely written texts.

Take, for instance, the painting on the cover of the catalogue for the celebratory

exhibition "Cy Twombly: 50 Years of Works on Paper," on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art through May 8 (after which it travels to the Menil Collection in Houston). The painting features a variation on the show's title, "Cy Twombly: 50 Years of Drawing," in three nearly unreadable lines of script. It has a feeling of urgency and almost looks as if it were written by a finger dipped in blood. Yet it appears to have been first written tentatively and then painstakingly overwritten, as if to make sure the message got through. Which it barely does: The two layers of writing bleed into each other, obscuring the words and suggesting a nearly hopeless struggle to communicate. Twombly's work draws its power from this struggle with words and inscriptions, not from their meaning, in striking contrast to Johns, who never allows the bravura of his painting to obscure the transparency of his forms. Twombly has turned hermeticism into a strangely stirring form of expression.

The show begins with an arresting pair of nearly matching works, which raise all the questions of Twombly's art, as well as a certain number of questions all their own. Both paintings are dominated by an array of black and scarlet daubs on white surfaces, but Twombly is not really an abstract painter, and the daubs irresistibly become objects in pictorial space, and convey a sense of floating on water. They could be flowers on the surface of a pond, like Monet's waterlilies, but another reading is just as possible. In the 2001 Venice Bien-

nial, Twombly was awarded the Leone d'Oro prize for twelve panels showing a historic sea battle—the Battle of Lepanto of 1571—and the black-and-scarlet daubs could be ships aflame, seen from a distant shore, which might explain the serenity of the scene. Both works have the same title—*Petals of Fire*—but we don't know if this is a poetic image or a botanical designation. There is writing on each sheet, as there often is in Twombly's work, in a distinctively loose calligraphy, but the writing characteristically fails to clarify what we are looking at. The writing is in pencil, urgently overwritten with red oil stick. In one, in tiny script, there is an almost legible text that seems to say, "Awake a moment/Mind dreams again/Red rose black edged." This same text seems to appear at the bottom of the other painting, but part of it disappears under a reddish smear. The end of the line is difficult to make out and perhaps was not meant to be read by anyone anyway, since the writer, painting for himself, knew what it said. In one painting there is also writing at the top. It feels like a letter ("As long as you have..."), which then fades out, though the last word is "love." Part of the text is occluded by the word "Petals" in large script.

The combination of writing with image suggests an affinity with Chinese paintings, with calligraphy on the surfaces and images that belong in pictorial space. But I am unable to connect the writing and image in a coherent interpretation. I don't think it would greatly enhance these works if the difficulties of reading and interpreting were removed, and if we knew just what the writing says and the images show—quite the contrary, in fact. The charm, the energy, the power of these works are connected with the revisions, the shifts in direction and meaning, the smudges, the erasures, the indeterminacies. We feel, rather, that the artist is disclosing something about his own processes of thought, as if his work is the labor of helping something come into being, a complex of words and images that might pin down an ephemeral experience or dream. I am unable to determine whether the words are transcriptions of someone else's text or something Twombly came upon while doing one of the paintings and then copied in the other. In the lines of penciled writing at the bottom of each work, I can only make out "dark purple" and "of the." It remains to be said that the works are extremely beautiful, for all their tentativeness, and that whatever vision they seek to capture on paper—a sea battle or a garden—it must have been powerful, since Twombly tried to get it down twice. I cannot imagine getting tired of looking at them.

In his 1975 work *Adonais*, Twombly's words are transcribed from Shelley's eponymous poem. *Adonais* is a somewhat minimal collage—a piece of paper shaped like a draftsman's square is pasted onto a large sheet of tan paper. Something was written beneath the square, but it is impossible to read it, since it has been scumbled over with opaque paint or crayon. The word "Adonais" is awkwardly penciled in large letters on the bottom leg of the square, continuing onto the paper. It overwrites the same word, partially written, which has been erased. Beneath that the date and the artist's initials are scrawled. As we know, "Adonais" is a name Shelley gave Keats and used as the title of the great elegy he wrote shortly after Keats's death in 1821, which Shelley and others ascribed to a heart broken by bad reviews. A line from the elegy, "He has outsoared the shadow of our night," is neatly written, like an epitaph, below the square. On the vertical leg of the square, Twombly has written out the opening verse of the elegy: "I weep for Adonais—he is dead!/O, weep for Adonais! though our tears/Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!"

This is written very faintly, as if it's a graphic whisper; and he has "Oh" where Shelley has "O," which suggests that he was writing from memory. Finally in an angle formed by the legs of the square, we read (barely): "He is a portion of the loveliness/Which once he made more lovely."

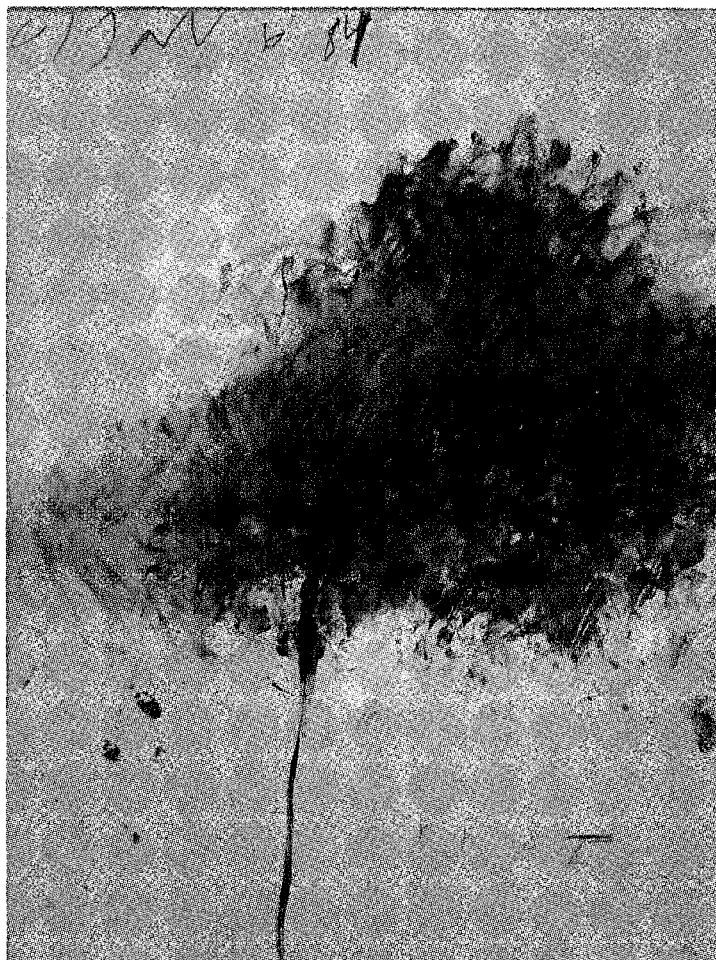
Is this work meant as a visual equivalent of the poem, an artist's interpretation of the spirit of elegy? Or is it itself an elegy for someone dear to the artist—a mourning picture in its own right? Somehow the innocence of the script, the utter simplicity of the means, conveys a sense of sincerity.

What, then, is the meaning of the draftsman's square? A half-remembered Masonic emblem? In some way, Twombly's work conveys a feeling of improvisation and bricolage, in which art is made out of scraps and fragments, whether of language or material, recycled into something of

great meaning without losing its original identity. I became enchanted a few years ago by Twombly's sculptures, in which he reassembled found objects—a few scraps of wood, a palm leaf, a nail, a broken wheel from a discarded toy—into effigies that often conveyed a sentiment of elegy or

ciple of Socrates, and indeed one of the main sources for our knowledge of the philosopher. *Anabasis* (The March Up Country) is a historical account of a march into Persia by the Spartans, who were allies of Cyrus in his effort to seize the throne. Xenophon led the retreat. By association, I

imagine that the overscribbled wheel is an emblem of a broken chariot—in Virginia, where Twombly was raised, it could have been the wheel of a cannon. There is a mark that suggests a flame. The picture is like a memorial drawn by an infant with a classical education who can barely write—and since that is not a possible description, it could be a letter home by an illiterate soldier bearing eloquent testimony of something having gone terribly wrong. What is intoxicating in Twombly's work is the combination of an almost regressive primitiveness with a level of humanistic cultivation matched in American art only by Robert Motherwell. Imagine Jean Dubuffet as an elegant Southern gentleman, and you'll have an idea of Twombly's persona.



Proteus, 1984 (plate 52)

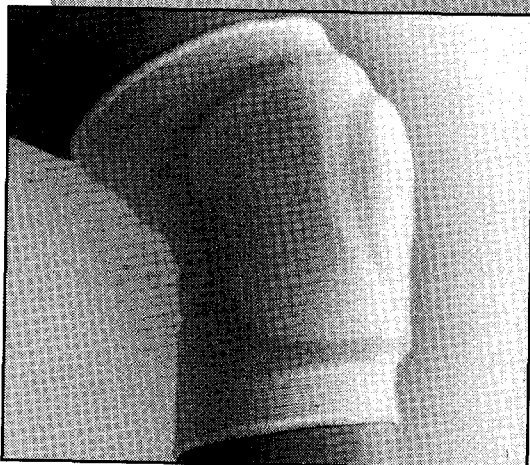
loss. On these works, whether drawings or sculptures, there is always an overlay of allusion and reference that derives from Twombly's exceptionally wide reading of Greek and Roman classics, Russian literature and English poetry.

Consider a drawing in oil stick, paint and pencil from 1983, titled *Anabasis*. Like *Petals of Fire*, it is a composite of writing and image. At the top, in red quasi-Greek letters, is "Anabasis." Just below that, barely visible, is "Xenophon." And beneath that, the date and his initials. The lower part of the sheet consists of a crudely drawn wheel, over which Twombly has fiercely scribbled back and forth in a gesture of vehement obliteration. As often in his work, the wheel and the scribble could have been made by a child. But the juxtaposition of the overscribbled wheel and the classical inscription imbue the form with a kind of memorial meaning. Xenophon was a dis-

The scribbling in Twombly's work began quite early, and soon became his signature mode. It may have been an outgrowth of Pollock's work, or of automatic writing, which the Surrealists brought to New York, and which some Abstract Expressionists—notably Pollock and Motherwell—explored under the tutelage of the renegade Chilean surrealist Roberto Matta. Twombly studied at Black Mountain College, the legendary avant-garde outpost in North Carolina where Motherwell and Franz Kline were in residence, and where Rauschenberg made his seminal all-white paintings. The scribble, in which the hand moves almost without direction, may also owe something to certain Zen ideas that John Cage, another Black Mountain figure, had adopted. And yet there is an eroticism in Twombly's work that is not especially Zen. In an untitled drawing of 1954, for example, Twombly bears down on an impulsive dark line in a tangle of pencil lines to evoke what looks like a vaginal opening, thus turning a scribble into a pubic thicket and giving the work the timelessly raw look of something scrawled on

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a lavatory wall. In 1961 the critic Pierre Restany wrote:

Twombly occupies a unique position at the centre of the young generation of American artists. He is a lone wolf who left New York to settle in Rome, a person apart, a "character." His graphic language is poetry and reporting, furtive gesture and *écriture automatique*, sexual catharsis and both affirmation and negation of the self. As full of ambiguity as life itself, it appears on corners of walls, in schoolyards and on the fronts of monuments. Twombly's "writing"—and this is the miracle—has neither syntax nor logic, but quivers with life.... The graphic language of Twombly remains at all times inimitable.

There are two drawings in the show, made the year Restany wrote this, in colored pencil and ballpoint pen, that seem like pages of doodles by someone with sex on the brain—pairs of breasts, orifices, squiggles and squoggles, some numerals, a mysterious tabular formation that looks like a calendar, some rows of numerals crossed out. And there are four drawings, done on brown paper at the end of the 1960s, that resemble worksheets for a construction project, showing doors and windows, together with their dimensions, interspersed with random pencil marks, points of emphasis that seem to be intended for the builders. The numeral 69 appears frequently, whether as a date or an erotic notation. Each of the marks is set down without reference to the rest, so there is nothing like composition or organization. The drawings look found, like paper tablecloths in a working-class restaurant on which a foreman has given instructions to the crew.

But then we come upon a drawing that, though it seems to refer to a construction site—with numbers and words like "wall" and "green"—is titled *Study for "Treatise of the Veil."* It bears the legend "Treatise of the Veil," as well as a sheet of paper, pasted on, labeled "Veil." What is "The Treatise of the Veil"? I searched the Library of Congress and the Columbia University Library catalogues for a work with that title, and got no result. It is an extremely poetic reference, a title one might have come across in a novel by Muriel Spark. There are four works with the title *Scenes From an Ideal Marriage*, which seemed to allude to a classic, but none of the literary scholars I asked had heard of such a book, nor could I locate it in any catalogue. But such titles, together with the classical allusions—Plato, for example, or Archilochus, not to

mention Venus and Apollo and Pan—reveal a mind comfortable on both the levels that Nietzsche believed defined classical culture: Apollonian and Dionysian, civilized and down-and-dirty. Consider *Pan*, from 1975. A dirty sheet of paper is pasted onto a clean one. Above the dirty sheet, with its smudges and finger marks, Twombly has pasted two leaves, cut, one supposes, from an old album of botanical prints. On the dirty sheet, he has written "Pan"—and below that "(Panic)" next to what looks like a fecal smear.

And yet the overall feeling of this show is one of great beauty. Twombly has spent

much of his life in Italy, both in Rome, where he has a studio, and in Gaeta, where he has a home. For all the scrawls and scribbles, the atmosphere of the show is one of gardens, of ruins, fertility, desire, myth and the memory of ancient gods and warm winds from the coast of Africa. The magic of Twombly's art lies in the way he is able to evoke the poetry of his vision by the unlikely means of smudges, smears of paint, scraps of paper, notations, penciled fractions, scatological doodles, lines of writing, crude diagrams, awkward drawings, found bits and pieces from the life world, shreds of nothing. ■

FILMS

Rock the Casbah

STUART KLAWANS

GUNNER PALACE • ABBAS KIAROSTAMI: 10 ON TEN

What might it mean to call a film indispensable? Perhaps not much. At base level, we'd merely be asserting that other films (maybe the vast majority) are candidates for the garbage heap. Since experience so powerfully ratifies this definition, we might say, in plain words, that an indispensable film is a

keeper. But what would we keep it for?

The pleasure of its parts, to begin with: a personality, a setting, a moment that is worth revisiting. Beyond that, we might mean that the film as a whole is an experience we can no longer imagine being without. It has changed us and so has become a part of us. This is a more forceful definition, though one that still covers a great many cases. I have known people who considered the masterpieces of Yasujiro Ozu to be transformative in this sense, but also George Cukor's *Les Girls*.

But then there's the strongest and most restrictive meaning. An indispensable film is one that we keep because we have no other choice. An urgent circumstance thrusts it upon us, as the battered shield is pressed on the hero of a quest romance. Were we to let it drop, we would fail a situation much larger than ourselves. I think the documentary *Gunner Palace*, by Michael Tucker and Petra Epperlein, is indispensable in this highest sense. Every adult citizen ought to see it. So should every kid over the age of 13.

The circumstance that forces *Gunner Palace* upon us is the Iraq War. The United States government has declared victory in this conflict more than once; a sem-

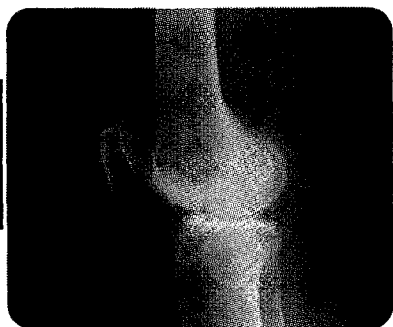
blance of Iraqi self-government has been established; and still 150,000 American troops patrol the country, to the incurious approbation of their countrymen. What exactly do these troops do? How do they feel about it? Despite all the yellow ribbons, no one (except for immediate family and friends) seems to want to know. I offer this judgment not as my own opinion but as the angry, disdainful verdict of several of the soldiers in the 2/3 Field Artillery—the Gunners—who opened themselves to Tucker.

For a month in the autumn of 2003 and another month early in 2004, Tucker lived in Baghdad with soldiers in the 2/3, who apparently accepted him as their own. It's not improbable that they should have done so. Americans are an astonishingly candid people (so noted an Iraqi interpreter, interviewed in *Gunner Palace*) who will pour out their life stories after knowing you for all of ten minutes. They are also a media-saturated people, who willingly play to a camera because they already imagine themselves in show business. (The film is full of soldiers who doubled as rap artists, rock stars and stand-up comedians.) Mostly, though, Tucker's subjects seem to have been grateful for

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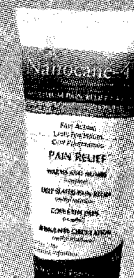
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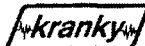
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the attention, however short-lived. Did they think that anyone back home understood what they were going through? The answer—the eternal soldier's answer, adapted for an era of cable TV—was no. We're "just entertainment," said one, "better than any action movie." Said another, "You'll forget me by the end of this movie. You'll forget all of us." As the unit's leading poet, Specialist Richmond Shaw, declared, "For y'all this is just a show, but we live in this movie."

It had a hell of a set, too. The 2/3 was stationed in a bombed-out palace formerly occupied by Uday Hussein, giving the unit a billet with three strata of architecture: the self-aggrandizing gaudiness of the old regime, covered with a thick layer of rubble and then topped with the quasi-suburban functionalism of today's Army (which supplied inner tubes for recreation in Uday's swimming pool, and even materials for a putting green). "The staircase is still pretty safe to use," a soldier explained to Tucker on an introductory tour, pointing amid the wreckage to a buddy mounting a grandiose, spiraling heap of marble. A note of triumph. ("Now we own this place.") A note of fatalism. ("But it might collapse under our feet.")

The reason for the fatalism became clear whenever Tucker rode out of the palace with the 2/3. The unit had been equipped and trained to hold back a Red Army advance across Germany, not to police the streets of Baghdad. Now they were bumping along in their Humvees through the Adhamiya district—a place where Uday used to feel comfortable—keeping order among people who dabbed the walls with pro-Saddam graffiti, staged anti-occupation demonstrations at the mosque and planted the occasional roadside bomb. Early in the course of production, Tucker was with the Gunners when they thought they'd discovered one such improvised explosive device lying on a major street. The soldiers stopped traffic in both directions; they hung back and conferred among themselves. After fifteen minutes, while Tucker somehow kept the video camera steady in his hands, one of them walked up to the suspect object and gave it a kick.

The daily round. Tucker's video diary gives you the sense of a cycle, at once repetitive and nerve-racking, of daytime patrols and nocturnal raids, interrupted by periods of blowing off steam in the palace. (One notable poolside party had the title of "Gunnerpalooza.") Thanks to the immediacy of Tucker's video-diary format,

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the effect in *Gunner Palace* is alternately gripping and surrealistic, although somewhat murky as well. He recorded exactly one woman dancing with the guys at Gunnerpalooza but was unable, or unwilling, to apply his eyewitness method to the obvious question: So what do these people do for sex? Unanswered questions of a more troubling kind are suggested by Tucker's footage of the nighttime house raids. In one instance, he videotaped the troops as they arrested two brothers on charges of building bombs. Who had accused the men? Neither the footage nor Tucker's voice-over will tell. All we learn is that the soldiers found no evidence—but forwarded the detainees to Abu Ghraib.

Of course, the merit of Tucker's approach is that it treats you as a grown-up. You are free to ask your own unsettling questions, and also to acknowledge that much of what Tucker saw the Gunners do was useful, even admirable. He videotaped them as they picked up a ragged, glue-sniffing kid off the street and deposited him, with extraordinary gentleness, in a safe place. He followed the soldiers into an orphanage, where they spent their Saturday morning feeding lollipops to the children and cradling newborns. He watched as the unit's patient, thoughtful, thoroughly decent commander, Lieut. Col. Bill Rabena, brought calm to a shouting match at a meeting of the District Advisory Council; and Tucker was there for the follow-up, when Rabena provided a handgun and small-weapons training to a female council member whose life had been threatened.

For those of us who have opposed the war, it is important—indispensable—to witness the care and self-restraint of these soldiers. Maybe they were on their best behavior with a video camera around—maybe Tucker had harsher footage, which he chose not to show—but there is still plenty in *Gunner Palace* to put to shame the standard Brechtian caricatures.

As for those who endorse the war: It ought to be indispensable—required, in fact—to listen to the soldiers' voices in *Gunner Palace*. You hear the cold, suppressed rage when they come to the scene of a bombing, expecting to help the wounded, only to be stoned by the crowd. You hear professionalism strained to the snapping point when they arrest one of their former interpreters, who has been accused of aiding the insurgency. Disillusionment freights the words of one soldier, who loves being in the Army but feels like "I'm not defending my country anymore." Weari-

ness and disgust hang in the throat of another, who has been assigned to shape up the Iraqi forces: "I can't train someone who doesn't give a shit. These people are just here to pick up a paycheck. The minute we're gone, you know what'll happen." And from the unexpected source of the unit's premier flake, Specialist Stuart Wilf, comes the voice of pained conscience at the end of the movie, when Tucker asks whether he can rationalize the violence. "I don't think it's worth the death of someone's family member," Wilf replies. "I don't think you can rationalize a child dying."

For what it's worth, *Gunner Palace* is also indispensable in all of the lesser senses.

Will the digital video camera save cinema? Jean-Luc Godard had someone ask him that question midway through *Notre Musique*, just so he could reply—or refuse to—with a prolonged, glum deadpan. Despite his rebuke, I note that digital video has encouraged the making of documentaries such as *Gunner Palace* (not exactly salvation, but a good thing even so); and it has become a favorite tool of Abbas Kiarostami, who used it for

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both his documentary *ABC Africa* and his fiction feature *Ten*.

An extended paean to the digital video camera—"a lightweight, discreet companion on my real and imaginary travels"—serves as one of the "lessons on cinema" in *10 on Ten*, a documentary monologue that just had its New York theatrical debut at Anthology Film Archives. It's as direct and straightforward a little film as you could imagine, and since it's by Kiarostami, it's as tricky as hell.

The film was prompted, he says early on, by the comments of people who saw *Ten* and were evidently disappointed by its urban setting. Some said they were used to seeing landscapes in Kiarostami's films; *Ten* was shot inside a car, which drove through the streets of Tehran. So *10 on Ten* begins as a compromise. It is shot entirely inside a car, driven by Kiarostami; but the route lies outside Tehran, in the green hills that were the setting for *Taste of Cherry*. He has returned to this spot, Kiarostami says, "to express my sympathy with viewers." But he also lets drop another purpose for coming back: "In the future, I may no longer find a reason to bring my camera here." That sounds ominously final, when you recall that *Taste of Cherry* was about a suicide—but Kiarostami says no more, passing on at once to his lessons.

They address his preference for camera, subject (everyday life), script (as little as possible), location (the automobile, since it makes people feel secure and yet confines them, pushing them to express their feelings), music (as little as possible), actors (nonprofessionals, of course, though someone trained may do in a pinch), costumes and makeup (whatever the people like to wear) and director (nonprofessional actors need a nonprofessional director). He talks to the camera. The landscape unfolds behind him, at several different times of day. And questions arise. If the confinement of a car encourages self-expression, then what feelings does Kiarostami need to get out? If clothing is a basic expression of identity, then what is he showing us about himself, with his informal, open shirt but off-putting, tinted eyeglasses?

And why does he doubt he'll be coming back here? *Ten*, he says, was about the objective, social problems of women; but *Taste of Cherry* was about the inner life of a man. What has Kiarostami just revealed about his own inner life, driving around the landscape of *Taste of Cherry*?

10 on Ten is a structuralist, documentary mystery story. ■

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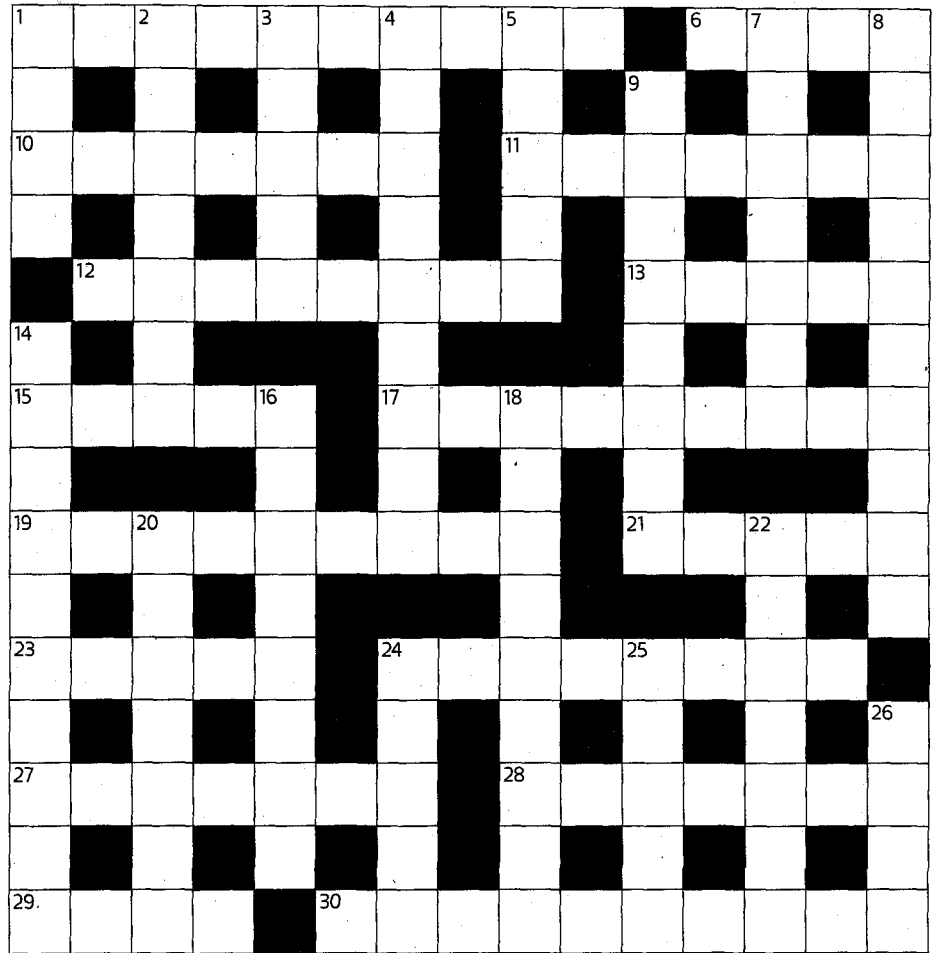
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ACROSS

- 1 and 6 What's in the beer gets you to take a nap, as the British say, with spring in the air. (It's part of the athletic event.) (3,4,3,4)
- 10 How a late rally is started with a pass, perhaps. (7)
- 11 One who gives something when a bad worker is in the entrance. (7)
- 12 One on the stage in Moscow, according to the editor. (8)
- 13 Your mother perhaps told you to beware of this man, who is not quite up to par. (5)
- 15 Possibly describing the flavor of candy or wine? Crazy! (5)
- 17 Found in case he is British? (Engage in trade, sir, coming back inside!) (9)
- 19 Rock—but unable to hear it (or anything else for that matter). (5,4)
- 21 See 29
- 23 One hears a house is so built up, but it's really torn down. (5)
- 24 It's annoying to have to secure fish! (8)
- 27 Where bridge players could be found perhaps at such as 30. (7)
- 28 You have to pump hard to progress with one—but it's not quite what some *Mormons* pulled so far! (4-3)
- 29 and 21 Perhaps the wishes of the sot are optimistically desired. (4,5)
- 30 It's about four o'clock, and everyone is having a ball, but the worker has to get around a pile of sand! (3,7)

DOWN

- 1 and 14 While the doctor listens, one might have to—as one does expectantly... (4,4,6)
- 2 ...especially being one who waits and waits and waits. (7)
- 3 North or South, one hears there's a bad nervous disease in the country. (5)
- 4 The food you like is found with a friend on board, as they say. (9)
- 5 Being so low-down could prove a sort of drain... (5)



- 7 ...but this is not low—a little high, and emotionally confused. (7)
- 8 A Democrat or Republican habit, but it may be a put-on for the woman. (5,5)
- 9 With head held high and nose in the air, Bob's in trouble about a major point with his problem. (8)
- 14 See 1
- 16 Giving up what one might hope his investment is doing? (8)
- 18 The arbiter has hers confused with the little man who puts out the paper, but gets his spirits back by being so. (9)
- 20 Throwing one out with something like a picnic around one point. (7)
- 22 Proving a cure-all when you take a vessel on one with a proper finish. (7)
- 24 The last inning where you have a run in the showing there. (5)
- 25 Perhaps sheets where a straight mark comes to a point. (5)
- 26 A foxy move on the floor—or a nice gait for your horse. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2978

F	I	G	H	T	P	R	O	M	O	T	E	R	
R	A	A		O	A	A	A	A		A			
E	C	L	A	T		O	C	C	I	P	I	T	A
N	L	T	T		H	I	E	F					
C	H	I	S	E	L	S		I	N	O	R	D	E
H	V	R				N	C						
D	E	A	L	S		D	E	A	D	A	H	E	A
R	N				R	T				U	T		
E	X	T	E	M	P	O	R	E		M	I	C	A
S			O	P						A	L	E	
S	E	T	S	O	F	F		G	U	N	N	I	N
I	O	C	O	L				A	D				R
N	O	R	T	H	E	R	L			G	R	E	B
G	C	E	G	P	E			A					
			H	O	R	S	E	C	H	E	S	T	N

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*The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp combines the benefits
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The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces. Studies show that sunshine can lift your mood and your energy levels. But as we all know the sun, unfortunately, does not always shine. So to bring the benefits of natural daylight indoors, use the floor lamp that simulates the full spectrum of daylight. You will see with more clarity and enjoyment as this lamp provides sharp visibility for close tasks and reduces eyestrain.

Its 27-watt compact bulb is the equivalent to a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it perfect for activities such as reading, writing, sewing, needlepoint, and especially for aging eyes.

We've looked at lots of lights, but this one offers the benefit of dual light levels of 27 and 18 watts of power equivalent to 150- and 100-watt incandescent bulbs. This lamp has a flexible gooseneck design for maximum efficiency, with an "Instant On" switch that is flicker-free. The high-tech electronics, user-friendly design, and bulb that lasts 10 times longer than an ordinary bulb make this lamp a must-have.

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**Source: "Lighting the Way to Energy Savings"; 1999

Height as shown: 50"

"I sit in my comfortable chair after my husband has gone to bed, and I turn that lamp on. It makes it so nice because it's like daylight over my chair...I don't get sore eyes like I used to."

Grace A.
Margate, FL

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"At long last...I can hear my granddaughter's voice on the phone again!"

The Miracle Phone uses conduction, not just amplification, to make phone calls clearer—and everyone in the family can use it.

**CALL TODAY
AND RECEIVE
FREE SHIPPING**

If you have hearing loss, you know that one of the biggest challenges is hearing conversations on the phone. You may have gotten so frustrated that you've stopped using the phone altogether! Now there is a solution: the Miracle Phone. Unlike other amplified phones, which simply amplify sound, the Miracle Phone allows you to hear phone conversations clearly without the feedback, static and background noises – and it's compatible with hearing aids! In fact, the Miracle Phone works best if you don't hold it up to your ear. Sounds strange, right? But this "odd" technology is helping thousands of people rediscover the joy of phone conversations, and reconnect with family and friends.

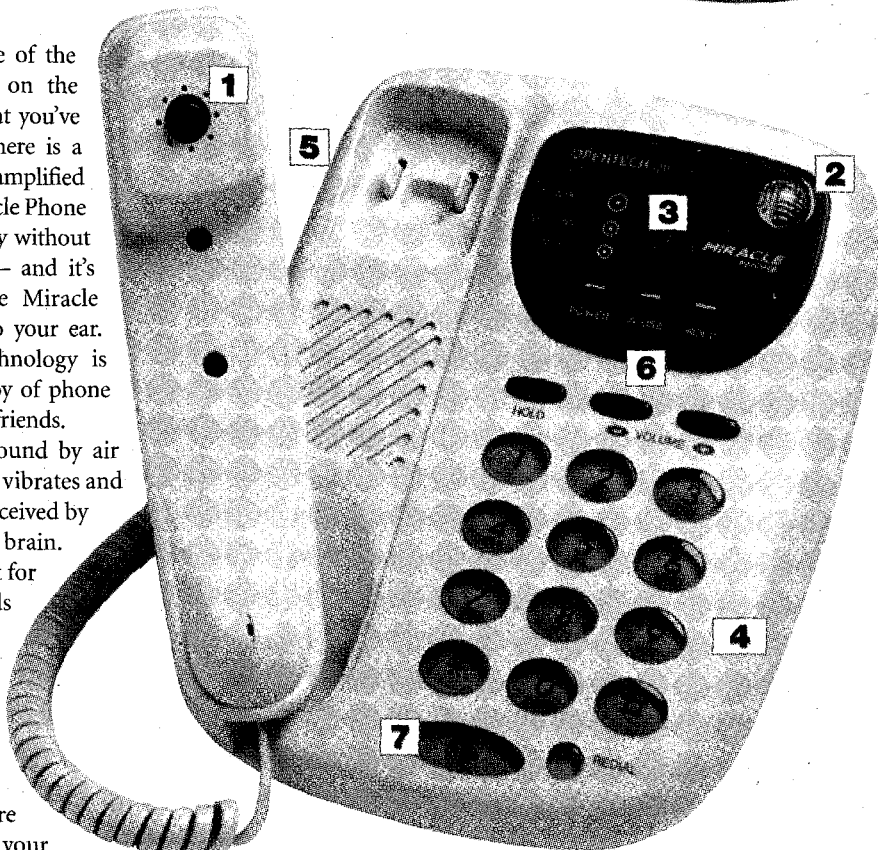
Use your head. Ordinary phones send sound by air conduction. The small speaker in the earpiece vibrates and sends sound waves through the air. They're received by your ear and interpreted as speech by your brain. For those with normal hearing, that's fine. But for those who are hard of hearing, those words quickly become "lost in translation". The exceptional Miracle Phone works by bone conduction. It sends sound waves via air conduction, but it also sends out sound wave pulsations with its DirectVibe™ Pulsator in the earpiece. You actually feel them when you hold the earpiece against your head – more specifically, against the bone right behind your ear. The sound waves go straight to the speech recognition center in your brain without ever passing through your ear. It's a totally innovative, efficient way to hear phone conversations!

**Hearing aids and phones didn't mix...
until now! Introducing the Miracle Phone**

Loaded with practical features. In addition to its unique technology, the Miracle Phone also has top-of-the-line features that make it a pleasure to use. It has a Visual Ringer that flashes when a call comes in—another handy feature for the hearing impaired. You control the volume of both the ringer and the incoming voice. With its sleek, modern design, it's also easy for those with no hearing loss to use. There's also an indicator that lights up when the line is in use, and its extra-large keypad makes dialing easy.

How the Miracle Phone works

The Miracle Phone's patented DirectVibe™ Pulsator transduces sound waves via bone conduction, bypassing the conventional auditory process. By placing the DirectVibe Pulsator at strategic locations on your head, sound vibrations travel from the pulsator to the speech recognition center in your brain.



Loaded with Features!

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. DirectVibe™ Pulsator | 5. Hearing Aid Compatible |
| 2. Visual Ringer | 6. In Use Indicator |
| 3. Visual Volume Indicator | 7. Speakerphone |
| 4. Extra-Large Keypad | 8. Plus many more! |

Start enjoying phone conversations today! The Miracle Phone can help you once again enjoy phone conversations. Talk to your kids or grandkids with ease. Call up long-distance friends you haven't spoken to in a while, and enjoy hearing the sound of their voices! The Miracle Phone comes with firstSTREET's exclusive in-home, 90-day trial. If you aren't completely satisfied with the way this phone gets you communicating again, simply return it for the purchase price.

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